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Art. I. *Tales of my Landlord*, collected and arranged by Jedediah Cleishbotham, Schoolmaster and Parish Clerk of Gandercleugh.
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TRUTH, says one of our best metaphysical writers, 'is not the less true, for that some hold it they know not how or why.' There are many general opinions afloat in the world, which we are apt to regard as mere prejudices, because they seem to have no root in the mind, and because many who receive and transmit them, would be at a loss to assign an intelligent reason for holding them; and yet they nevertheless are truths—portions of truth broken off, as it were, from the reasonings in which they had their origin. Prejudices are in fact only the accretions of error that have formed around the truths they envelop, and in rejecting them altogether, we are sure to throw away too much.

A prejudice, and it may appear to some of our readers an unreasonable prejudice, has prevailed among a very large and respectable portion of the community, with respect to those distinguished and entertaining literary productions styled Novels and Romances. There is no question that many works under these titles, have been sufficiently pernicious in their tendency, to justify parental caution as to the indiscriminate admission of them; many that have been little better than artful preparations of moral poison. But a licentious or profane novel affords no sufficient ground for a sweeping condemnation of the whole class, which may possibly comprise some good ones; the general objection must therefore be established on other grounds. Opinions that rest on mere association of ideas, may properly be denominated prejudices; and that indefinite stigma expressed by a thing's having a bad name, which has rested upon works of this kind, and which has occasioned their being regarded in some instances with a sort of obscure religious horror, may seem to have no better foundation. When one of these con-

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traband articles has by chance or by stealth found its way into the hands of a young person taught thus to regard them, the increased *zest* accompanying the perusal, has been mingled with surprise at not finding it so *very bad*. Of late, however, this prejudice has been giving way in favour of exceptions seeming to respect, but insidiously undermining, its authority. Novels under the unassuming name of tales,—“Moral Tales,” and “Simple Tales,” and strangest of all, Religious Tales,—have found their way in channels where the proscribed name of Novel would immediately have roused alarm. Imboldened by success, modern novelists have assumed a higher tone, have proceeded to give lessons in history, civil and ecclesiastical, on the principles of education and of political economy, in ethics and in divinity. It suits well the superficial character of the age, to have information or opinions thus insinuated into the mind, without incurring the fatigue of inquiry or of studious attention, and without being exposed to the rude shock of truths hostile to its prejudices; and the facility with which an Author may by this means make any desired impression on the imagination of his readers, gives him a species of multiplying power in the re-production of his own sentiments, far above what is possessed by any writers who attempt to conduct their readers to a definite opinion, by means of a process of reasoning, or of the cautious details of history. With regard to the labour that is by this means saved to the writer himself, we shall have occasion to speak presently; but as to the advantageous effect of this new method of writing philosophy and history, we can compare it to nothing better than the assistance which a certain class of readers derive from what are termed ‘illustrations’ of our poets, or, as they used to be familiarly denominated, *cuts*, and which serve at once as a picture to relieve the eye, and as a hieroglyphic to aid the memory. Applied to history, indeed, the art of the novelist may be considered as strictly analogous to landscape gardening. In his hands the most rugged course of events is made to sweep along in the line of beauty; facts the most repulsive, are, by the skilful management of light and shade, made to assume a picturesque aspect; graceful and romantic incidents planted in the foreground, serve either for relief or concealment to the more obstinate features of the scene; and the dark array of truths which frown over the page of history, are thrown into perspective, and mellowed down into a pleasing indistinct grandeur. The *omne tulit punctum* is thus perfectly realized; for what is more useful than history, and what more pleasing than a novel? An historical novel, therefore, must possess pre-eminent charms, and the Author of these Tales certainly deserves to be ranked as the very *Repton* of his art.

Still, we cannot avoid recurring to the real grounds on which the ancient prejudices against this useful and agreeable sort of writing, appear to us to rest; and we solicit the forbearance of our readers, while we proceed to expound them. We will promise not to be half so long, and we hope to be not quite so tedious, as Master Jedediah Cleishbotham, whose introductory lucubrations have this aggravation of impertinence, that they keep us from the *Tales* rather than lead us to them, and are altogether as irrelevant as they are dull.

The first general objection against this class of writings, is this, that they tend to stimulate that appetite for incident, which characterizes the curiosity of our childish years, and by exhibiting life as a series of incidents, rather than a course of daily duties and quiet habits of feeling, induce a distaste for the realities of our proper business and enjoyment. The best novels are chargeable with this evil effect: hence arises the modest half-plea half-confession, 'only now and then;' 'a novel occasionally can surely do no harm.' In fact, it is not real life only, the colouring of which seems cold to the eye that is just withdrawn from the theatric glare of the scenes of the novelist. We may appeal to those of our readers who have experience on this subject, whether history itself does not seem dull, and severer studies actually forbidding, while the vivid impression of the novel remains. It can scarcely be doubted that this strong sensation of interest is to be attributed to the principle of curiosity, and that in its lowest modification. Curiosity is the motive which prompts the highest exertions of intellect, but its value and dignity depend entirely upon the object towards which it is directed. The same principle that actuates the philosopher in pushing his inquiries back into the causes of things, or in pursuing the anxious process of experimental induction, may be recognised in that indefinite eagerness with which ordinary minds pry into futurity, and in the love of mere succession or novelty instinctive in the child. In reading a novel or a play, there is a similar operation of the mind, a childish exercise of curiosity to see what succeeds, although it succeeds by no necessary connexion regulating the order of the narration, otherwise than as the caprice of the author dictates, and although nothing whatsoever is depending upon it as a moral consequence. Still we read on, impatient to see the end; and under the influence of the same spell, and in reference to an object of equal importance, the child continues to trace the progress of the counter through his favourite game, identifying himself with it in its varied adventures, as the emblematic hero of his little novel; and as the chances lessen, his impatience and suspense increase, until at last the game is lost or won, and he has nothing left but to begin it again. Take away the story

from a novel, and you have literally nothing left; it is both its basis and its superstructure, while character, moral sentiment, and description, are but the ornamental parts. Deprive the story of a plot, and with a few rare exceptions possessing independent dramatic merit, the reader's attention would absolutely fail before the end of a first volume: but let the plot thicken amid the accumulation of the veriest improbabilities, and so long as no indications of the author's lack of ingenuity in contriving the web of his narrative, force themselves on the observation, and the reader is hurried forward with breathless impatience towards the catastrophe.

It will not be difficult to account for the strength of this interest, resting nevertheless on so slight a foundation, if we bear in mind that in all cases the most vehement emotions are connected with the most indistinct perceptions of their object; that children and uncivilized men are distinguished by the vividness of their feelings, as acted upon by imagination; and that our most refined intellectual pleasures are the least intense. The pleasures connected with a critical exercise of the taste, or in a moral exercise of the judgement, are surely of a far higher order than the excitement produced by a new novel; and yet, the emotions of curiosity and wonder, and all the passions which sympathy with the hero brings into play, are far more vivid in degree.

The injurious effect of novel reading, consists then, not only in the kind of intellectual exercise to which it gives rise, though that in itself is unfavourable to mental improvement, but in its tendency to vitiate the sensibility, by bringing the feelings under the dominant influence of the imagination, so as in time to render them callous in regard to the real interests of life, when a less powerful stimulant is applied to them. This is that state of morbid sensibility, in which active habits cease to be the result of the passive impressions received by the intellect, the moral faculties become disorganized, and that odious phenomenon is the result,—feeling without benevolence.

It is another objection brought against this class of compositions, that they convey false views of life. But so, it may be urged, does Poetry. There is, however, this material difference. The Poet transports us to an imaginary world of elevated abstractions, and presents to us 'the ideal of a moral being.' 'The passions of solitary and untamed imagination,' 'hopes learned from dreams of the great and wonderful and lovely,' 'thoughts which have dwelt among the wonders of Nature, and the loftiest spirits of men,'—these are the elements of poetry, and the danger there is in indulging them consists in the disappointment and disgust to which a mind whose estimates are not rectified by religion, will be exposed, on becoming acquainted with

the real world. The Novelist, on the contrary, proffers his services for the express purpose of initiating us into things as they are, into the manners, and follies, and customs of society. And when he modestly confines himself to this office, he stands in the least danger of exceeding the bounds of his knowledge, and misleading those whom he seeks to amuse. The higher the aim of the novelist, the less commendable, in general, will be his performance. Moral instruction is not his proper business; still less, religious instruction: for, how excellent soever may be the design of the Author, we doubt exceedingly the efficiency of such a mode of conveying religious truth. With regard to the irreligious, that is not the form in which the *authority* of truth is to be recognized, and as to all which is ascribed to the *influence* of religion in fictitious narratives of this description, it may serve for the purpose of illustration to those who have no doubts as to the foundations of duty, but it can have no weight with persons of a different cast of mind, since, allowing that the statements rest on facts, they are facts detached from evidence.

The primary object of a novel, and, if not necessarily the ultimate object too, it is, we believe, that which must characterize the whole production and render it inefficient for any high moral purpose, is—amusement: for this reason, putting aside all accidental violations of the truth of nature or of history, or the casual introduction of erroneous opinions, the views of human life and of human character which they present, must be essentially deceptive. History can never, consistently with the interests of morality, be rendered simply amusing. Reflections must be suggested by a faithful record of any part of the annals of the human race, which forbid a person of virtuous sensibility from reading it with the levity of mere entertainment. Those on whom it makes no such impression, might possibly derive as much edification from the perusal of the contents of the Minerva Library. In an historical novel, more especially, which pretends to give us the character of real persons and real events, truth must be deliberately sacrificed:—not the truth of costume, of manners, of dramatic propriety, of chronology; all these may be preserved with the fidelity of an *antiquary* and the spirit of a *poet*;—but the genuine character of history must be perverted, and all the grand facts relating to the moral circumstances of man as an accountable being, and to human life as a scene of awful probation, facts which the historian scarcely dares touch upon or is willing even to imply,—all these must be kept wholly out of sight, if not tacitly denied, for they cannot be made to minister to amusement.

We anticipate an objection, as if we would proscribe books of amusement altogether. Nothing so chimerical could be seriously maintained by the most rigid moralist; but let authors honestly

avow their purpose, and let books which have no higher aim, keep within the line of amusement.

We had intended to felicitate our modern *historico*-novelists, on the advantages they possess over chroniclers of the ancient school, inasmuch as they are exempted by the license of their profession from all the anxious research, the rigorous comparison of varying testimonies, the cautious induction of obscure facts, the self-suspicious desire of correctness, that are requisite, and after all found too often insufficient, to constitute the work of an historian an unexceptionable representation of the events it records. We had intended to refer to the trite anecdote, of Sir Walter Raleigh's burning his history, on discovering the impossibility of obtaining correct information of even a recent fact. We should perhaps have remarked what an admirable plea the novelist might set up, if charged with any anachronism, or palpable deviations from historic accuracy, and how easily he might gain acquittal either of ignorance, or of a wilful design to deceive, by shewing that his work was not amenable to the severe laws of historical composition, being professedly only *founded on fact*. And if the facts were not as he had represented them, '*tant pis pour les faits*.' But the light weapon of irony is scarcely appropriate to the occasion. Nothing short of the genius which is discovered in the present work, could render the attempt to give a false colouring to an important portion of history by means so inadequate as a novel or a tale, a matter of grave apprehension; yet the design itself, on whomsoever it might seem to be distinctly chargeable, would be too nefarious to deserve to be otherwise treated than in the honest language of deprecation. Paley, in distinguishing falsehoods from lies which involve criminality, remarks, that the latter denomination is not applicable to 'parables, fables, novels, jests, tales to create mirth, ludicrous embellishments of a story, where the declared design of the speaker is not to inform, but to divert;' but he subsequently adduces an instance of lies of *omission*, which may be thought to have some bearing on the present subject. 'A writer of English history, who in his account of the reign of Charles the First, should wilfully suppress any evidence of that prince's despotic measures and designs, might be said to lie; for by entitling his book a *History of England*, he engages to relate the whole truth of the history, or, at least, all that he knows of it.*' The author of a novel does not entitle his work a history, but our readers will judge whether the professed design 'to present an *unbiassed picture* of the manners of' an 'unhappy period, and at the same time, to do justice to the merits of both parties,' does not lay an author under obligations

* Paley's Moral Philosophy, Vol. I. p. 189.

equally sacred to preserve even in a tale, the truth of history, since his aim is not simply to *divert*. Conscious, as it should seem, that his work was on this account liable to objection, the Author of these Tales has put into the mouth of the narrator, what might be taken for an apology.

‘ Upon the whole, I can hardly fear, that, at this time, in describing the operation which their opposite principles produced upon the good and bad men of both parties, I can be suspected of meaning insult or injustice to either. If recollection of former injuries, extra-loyalty, and contempt and hatred of their adversaries, produced rigour and tyranny in the one party, it will hardly be denied, on the other hand, that, if the zeal for God’s house did not eat up the conventiclers, it devoured, at least, to imitate the phrase of Dryden, no small portion of their loyalty, sober sense, and good breeding. We may safely hope, that the souls of the brave and sincere on either side have long looked down with surprise and pity upon the ill-appreciated motives which caused their mutual hatred and hostility, while in this valley of darkness, blood and tears. Peace to their memory! Let us think of them as the heroine of our only Scottish tragedy entreats her lord to think of her departed sire,

“ O rake not up the ashes of our fathers!

Implacable resentment was their crime,

And grievous has the expiation been.”

This is probably meant for the language of candour, and candour is one qualification in an historian of no small importance; but should it be found to arise from either a natural or moral incompetency to discriminate motives or characters, should it prove to be a candour believing against evidence, and hoping against notorious fact, an equalizing principle of sceptical indifference that places the tyrant and the patriot, the ruffian and the martyr, on exactly the same level, making on either side bravery or sincerity a quality of redeeming virtue, it may well be doubted whether this candour is of that genuine or enlightened kind which should suffice, in the absence of other requisites, to constitute an author an unbiassed historian, or an edifying moralist.

‘ Under the reign of the last Stuarts,’ the Author means Charles the Second and James the Second, for the same family continued to reign in the persons of the succeeding two female sovereigns,

‘ there was,’ he says, ‘ an anxious wish on the part of government to counteract, by every means in their power, the strict or puritanical spirit which had been the chief characteristic of the republican government, and to revive those feudal institutions which united the vassal to the liege-lord and both to the crown.’

It will be advisable just to refresh the recollections of our readers with regard to the real character of this melancholy

period, a period which it might have been thought no Briton, more especially no North Briton would have selected for a work of fiction, unless it had been as the subject of some solemn and elevated tragedy, in which the strongest emotions of pity, admiration, and horror, should have been called forth in behalf of the heroic sufferer and the inhuman oppressor.

‘What though the men
Of worldly minds have dared to stigmatize
The Sister Cause, Religion and the Law
With Superstition’s name! yet, yet their deeds,
Their constancy in torture and in death,
These on tradition’s tongue still live, these shall
On History’s honest page be pictured bright
To latest times.’

Grahame’s Sabbath.

The exact date of the period referred to in the tale of ‘Old Mortality,’ is fixed by the murder of Archbishop Sharp, which took place in 1679; but the introductory sentences carry us back to the events of the preceding nineteen years, which were occupied with the disgusting intrigues of the rival factions that contended by means of the royal favour to domineer over Scotland, and with the attempts on the part of one of these factions, at the head of which was the Earl of Middleton, to impose Episcopacy upon the nation. The King himself heartily disliked Presbytery. He told Earl Lauderdale, who was a firm presbyterian, that ‘it was not a religion for gentlemen.’ The treatment, indeed, he had met with in Scotland, when the Covenant was forced upon him as a condition of the Crown, was not likely to lessen his deeply rooted aversion. But he was either too indolent or too politic to enter with any warmth into the plans of the Episcopalian party, and it was only by a series of base machinations on the part of Sharp, the Earl of Middleton and others, that he was at last persuaded into the belief that the greater and more honest part of the nation were in favour of the establishment of Episcopacy. The following is the way in which, according to Bishop Burnet, the Government sought ‘to counteract the strict or puritanical spirit which had been the chief characteristic of the republican government!’

‘In the end of the year (1660) the Earl of Middleton came down with great magnificence: his way of living was the most splendid the nation had ever seen; but it was likewise the most scandalous; for vices of all sorts were the most open practices of those about him. Drinking was the most notorious of all, which was often continued through the whole night to the next morning. And many disorders happening after those irregular heats, the people who had never before that time seen any thing like it, came to look with an ill eye

on every thing that was done by such a set of lewd and vicious men. This laid in all men's minds a new prejudice against episcopacy: For they, who could not examine into the nature of things, were apt to take an ill opinion of every change in religion that was brought about by such bad instruments. There had been a face of gravity and piety in the former administration, which made the libertinage of the present time more odious.'

The measures which followed the establishment of Episcopacy, are notorious matter of history. Presbyteries were suppressed, and by a subsequent act a large proportion of the presbyterian ministers who had been admitted to churches without presentations, were ejected by proclamation, which the military were ordered to enforce by pulling out of their pulpits the ministers who had neglected or refused compliance with the act. Above two hundred churches were shut up in one day, and one hundred and fifty ministers more were turned out for not submitting to the bishop's summons to attend the synod. A hue and cry was set up to invite persons to accept of benefices, and Burnet, the historian, then only nineteen years old, was pressed to take his choice of the vacant churches; but he represents that though he was entirely episcopal, yet he 'would not engage with a body of men that seemed to have the principles and tempers of inquisitors in them, and to have no regard to religion in any of their proceedings.'

'Wherever, adds the episcopal historian, 'the people had generally forsaken their churches, the guards were quartered through the country. Sir James Turner, that commanded them, was naturally fierce, but was mad when he was drunk; and that was very often. So he was ordered by the Lord Rothes to act according to such directions as Burnet (Archbishop) should send him. And he went about the country, and received such lists as the ministers brought him, of those who came not to Church: and without any other proof, or any legal conviction, he set such a fine on them as he thought they could pay, and sent soldiers to lie on them till it was paid. He confessed it went against him to serve such a debauched and worthless company as the clergy generally were; and that sometimes he did not act up to the rigour of his orders; for which he was often chid, both by Lord Rothes and by Sharp, but was never checked for his illegal and violent proceedings.'

Archbishops Sharp and Burnet were also the principal instigators to the ferocious severities to which the Government subsequently proceeded. After the rising in 1666, which terminated in the defeat of the Covenanters at Pentland Hill, the latter advised the hanging of all those who would not renounce the Covenant. 'It was a moving sight,' says Bishop Burnet, 'to see

' ten of the prisoners hanged upon one gibbet, at Edinburgh;
 ' thirty-five more were sent to their countries, and hanged up
 ' before their own doors; their ministers all the while using
 ' them hardly, and declaring them damned for their rebellion.
 ' They might all have saved their lives, if they would have re-
 ' nounced the Covenant: so they were really a sort of martyrs
 ' for it. They did all at their death give their testimony, ac-
 ' cording to their phrase, to the Covenant, and to all that had
 ' been done pursuant to it: and they expressed great joy in their
 ' sufferings.' ' They were,' he remarks, speaking of the rebels,
 ' a poor harmless company of men, become mad by oppres-
 ' sion.' Hume states, that ' the oppressions which these people
 ' had suffered, the delusions under which they laboured, and
 ' their inoffensive behaviour during the insurrection, made them
 ' the objects of compassion. Yet were the King's ministers,
 ' particularly Sharpe, resolved to take severe vengeance. The
 ' executions were going on, when the king put a stop to them.
 Dalziel's forces, however, continued to lie in the west, and to
 be guilty of the most horrid enormities. That general, accord-
 ing to Burnet's expression, ' acted the Muscovite too grossly.'
 ' He threatened to spit men, and to roast them: and he killed
 ' some in cold blood, or rather in hot blood; for he was then drunk,
 ' when he ordered one to be hanged, because he would not tell
 ' where his father was.' ' By this means all people were struck
 ' with such a terror, that they came regularly to church: and
 ' the clergy were so delighted with it, that they used to speak
 ' of that time as poets do of the golden age.'

In 1670, all Field Conventicles were declared treasonable, and
 in the preacher they were made capital. ' House Conventicles,'
 also, ' if crowded without the doors or at the windows,' were
 punishable as field conventicles. Rewards were offered to in-
 formers, and the heavy fines exacted upon conviction were
 awarded to the magistrates in order to stimulate them to activity.
 This infamous Act was considered even by the king as extrava-
 gantly severe; but he contented himself with remarking, that
 ' Bloody laws do no good,' and that had he been aware of the
 nature of the act he would never have passed it. A subsequent
 law enacted, that whosoever should refuse, when called upon, to
 depone against such as attended conventicles, should be fined,
 imprisoned, or banished; another denounced severe penalties
 against parents who did not apply to their parish ministers to
 baptize their children; and a third, which was expressly limited
 to his Majesty's Protestant subjects, forbade the withdrawing
 from the churches. In spite of these edicts, the field conven-
 ticles increased, and the zeal which originated in piety, and in
 affectionate attachment to the venerable ministers who were the
 objects of persecution, was exasperated into the boldness of en-

thusiasm. Many came to them armed, in order to repel the wanton attacks to which they were exposed; yet when the sermon was ended, they peacefully dispersed themselves. Great numbers were in consequence of these proceedings outlawed; and writs, termed letters of intercommuning, were issued, which involved all who sheltered such persons, or did not seize them, when they had it in their power, in the same guilt and punishment. Thus every man was exposed to the malice of secret enemies, and many, under the apprehension of prosecution, left their houses, and wandered through the kingdom, Burnet affirms, like 'a sort of banditti';—but such a sort of banditti as the world had never seen, assembling for no worse purpose than to worship the Divine Being after the manner of their fathers, and to hear from the venerated lips of their accustomed teachers, welcome tidings of a world beyond the reach of the oppressor; a banditti who, except in thus peacefully assembling, transgressed no social law, and became formidable only from the resistance of despair. The early Christians were exposed to similar sufferings. "They wandered in deserts and in mountains, and in dens and caves of the earth;" and the parallel could not fail to occupy the imagination of the oppressed Presbyterians, as conferring sanctity on their cause, and the character of martyrdom on their sufferings.

It was now pretended that the country was in a state of war. An army was raised, but no enemy appeared. Fresh edicts were passed of the most oppressive nature, in order, as was generally believed, to force a rebellion; but the country looked on in silent dismay, till at length some of the nobility, alarmed for their personal safety under the unprincipled despotism of Lauderdale, came up to London to carry their complaints to the throne. The lawless army of Highlanders was upon this dismissed, after having wasted the country for nearly two months. The Government however still continued inflexibly bent upon utterly suppressing the conventicles, and offered immense rewards for the apprehension of the obnoxious preachers. The mad people, as they are designated, who attended them, were driven almost to frenzy; they assembled in larger bodies, and frequently the troops that came to disperse them, did not think fit to engage with parties so strong, and so resolutely prepared for resistance.

At this exact crisis of affairs, our Author begins his entertaining tale of the *Sunday* wappen-schaws, which, it seems, the rigid Presbyterians, accustomed to 'a Judaical observance of the sabbath,' scrupled to attend, and laboured to discountenance; and we have a most amusing description of the shooting at the popinjay, of the grotesque equipage of Lady Margaret, of the misfortunes of Goose Gibbie, and sundry other par-

ticulars, illustrative of the *harmless* methods by which the Government sought to counteract the strictness of Puritanism. If the reader can but divest his mind of all recollection of historical fact, he cannot avoid being exceedingly amused by the liveliness and spirit of the fiction. The characters of Old Mause and Lady Margaret, are admirably supported, and display a fund of genuine and original humour in the Author; nor is it wholly out of the compass of probability, that in respect to the general traits by which they are marked, they might have their prototypes in some silly old lady and an aged female covenanter of 1678. It must be confessed, that for the purpose either of a novel or a farce, they form two of the best personages which the Author could have chosen as representatives of their respective parties. Balfour of Burley is in a far higher style of characteristic painting. So powerful is the conception, and so finely wrought up, that it leaves on the imagination a distinct biographical impression which, how directly soever at variance with the truth of history and the laws of moral combination, deceives us into the belief that such a man must really have existed. This Balfour proves to be one of the murderers of Archbishop Sharp; and to add to the terrific interest of his character, he is represented as subject to visitations of maniacal frenzy, in which the agitations of remorse are dreadfully commingled with the flashings of religious zeal. The cruel assassination of the aged prelate, whose atrocities and thorough baseness form no part of the detail of the Novelist, is brought in immediately after the innocent scenes of the *wappen-schaw*, in order to form a proper contrast between the ferocious proceedings of the rebel whigs, and the mild though 'impolitic' exercise of authority on the part of their oppressors, who only sought 'to compel them to dance and be merry' against their wills, and to hear only the *indulged* preachers. By the alternate aid of the ludicrous in the person of Old Mause, and of the terrific in that of John Balfour, heightened in each case by certain *fanatical* peculiarities of expression, consisting chiefly of the language of Scripture, which are designed to identify them with *the sect*, the Author succeeds to admiration in putting to flight for the time every feeling of respect for the poor Covenanters. Thus, what no historian would dare assert, the Novelist artfully leads his reader to infer; namely, that the arbitrary proceedings of the Privy Council of 1678, were not unjustifiable, and that those who, in the phrase of Lauderdale, glorified God in the Grass-market, were but the victims of their own folly. The following dialogue between Old Mause and her son Cuddie Headrigg, will assist him in forming this opinion.

“And now we’re settled ance mair,” said Cuddie to his mother, “and if we’re no sae bien and comfortable as we were up yonder, yet

life's life ony gate, and we're wi' decent kirk-ganging folk o' your ain persuasion, mither: there will be nae quarrelling about that."

"Of my persuasion, hinnie! waes me for thy blindness and theirs. O, Cuddie, they are but in the court of the Gentiles, and will ne'er win farther ben, I doubt; they are but little better than the prelatists themsels. They wait on the ministry of that blinded man, Peter Poundtext, ance a precious teacher of the Word, but now a backsliding pastor, that has for the sake of stipend and family maintenance, forsaken the strict path and gone astray after the Black Indulgence. O my son, had ye but profited by the gospel doctrines ye hae heard in the Glen o' Bengonnar from the dear Richard Rumbleberry that sweet youth, wha suffered martyrdom in the Grass-market, afore Candlemas! Didna ye hear him say, that Erastianism was as bad as prelacy, and that the Indulgence was as bad as Erastianism?"

"Heard ever ony body the like o' this," interrupted Cuddie, "we'll be driven out of house and ha' again afore we ken where to turn oursels. Weel, mither, I hae just ae word mair—An' I hear ony mair o' your din—afore folk, that is, for I dinna mind your clavers mysel, they aye set me sleeping—but if I hear ony mair din afore folk, as I was saying, about Poundtexts and Rumbleberries, and doctrines and malignants, I'se e'en turn a single sodger mysel, or may be a serjeant or a captain if ye plague me the mair, and let Rumbleberry and you gang to the de'il thegither. I ne'er gat ony gude by his doctrine, as ye ca't, but a gude fit o' the batts wi' sitting amang the wat moss-hags for four hours at a yoking, and the leddy cured me wi' some hickery-pickery, mair by token, an' she had kenn'd how I came by the disorder, she wadna hae been in sic a hurry to cure it." pp. 165, 167.

As a further specimen of Mause's eloquence, we transcribe her 'testimony' before Serjeant Bothwell.

"Woe to the compliers and carnal self-seekers," she said, "that daubs over and drowns their consciences by complying with wicked exactions, and giving mammon of unrighteousness to the sons of Belial, that it may make their peace with them! It is a sinful compliance, a base confederacy with the enemy. It is the evil that Menahan did in the sight of the Lord, when he gave a thousand talents to Peel, King of Assyria, that his hand might be with him, Second Kings, feifteen chapter, aughteen verse. It is the evil deed of Ahab, when he sent money to Tigleth Peleaser, see the saame Second Kings, saxteen and aught. And if it was accounted a backsliding even in godly Hezekiah, that he complied with Sennacherib, giving him money and offering to bear that which was put upon him, (see the saame Second Kings, aughteen chapter, fourteen and feifteen verses) even so it is with them that in this contumacious and backsliding generation pays localities and fees, and cess, and fines, to greedy and unrighteous publicans, and extortions and stipends to hireling curates, (dumb dogs which bark not, sleeping, lying down, loving to slumber,) and gives gifts to be helps and hires to our oppressors and destroyers. They are all like the casters of a lot with

them—like the preparing of a table for the troop, and the furnishing a drink-offering to the number." ' pp. 197—199.

This ill-timed sally produces a threat on the part of the old housekeeper of Milnwood, that when once she has her out, she shall ne'er cross the door-stone again.

"Ay, ay," said Cuddie, "e'en sae. I kenn'd we wad be put to our travels again whene'er you suld get three words spoken to an end. I was sure that wad be the upshot o't, mither."

"Whisht, my bairn," said she, "and dinna murmur at the cross—cross their door-stane! weel I wot I'll ne'er cross their door-stane. There's nae mark on their threshold for a signal that the destroying angel should pass by. They'll get a back-cast o' his hand yet, that think sae muckle o' the creature and sae little o' the Creator—sae muckle o' warld's gear and sae little o' a broken covenant—sae muckle about thae wheen pieces o' yellow muck, and sae little about the pure gold o' the Scripture—sae muckle about their ain friend and kinsman, and sae little about the elect that are tried wi' hornings, harassings, huntings, searchings, chasings, catchings, imprisonments, torturings, banishments, headings, hangings, dismemberings, and quarterings quick, forbye the hundreds forced from their ain habitations to the deserts, mountains, muirs, mosses, moss-flows, and peat-hags, there to hear the word like bread eaten in secret."

"She's at the Covenant now, serjeant, shall we not have her away?" said one of the soldiers.' pp. 201, 202.

'Ill-fa'ard, crazy, crack-brained gowk, that she is!' exclaims the housekeeper, as they depart, 'to set up to be sae muckle better than ither folk, the auld besom, and to bring sae muckle distress on a douce quiet family!' To set up to be better than other folk, has ever been, in the sight of the world, an inexpiable offence against society. Now for the contrast. Henry Morton, the nephew of old Milnwood, is apprehended in consequence of his own uncalled for confession, that he had given a night's lodging in an outhouse to John Balfour. He is led a close prisoner to the castle of Tullietudlem, and the following is the mild exclamation of Lady Margaret on hearing of his offence, although, as she afterwards says, she has in her own person but little right to compassionate that stubborn and rebellious generation, since they had made her a childless widow.

"O, fie upon him. I am but too apt to forgive the injuries I have received at the hands of these rogues, though some of them, Mr. Stuart, are of a kind not like to be forgotten; but those who would abet the perpetrators of so cruel and deliberate a homicide on a single man, an old man, and a man of the Archbishop's sacred profession—O fie upon him!"

Most excellent old lady! O that Duke Lauderdale had been honoured with your acquaintance!

Major Bellenden is another specimen of the amiable spirit

which characterized, it seems, the Episcopalian gentry of these times, in spite of all that history may intimate to the contrary.

“It’s a sight that makes me thirty years younger,” said the old cavalier, “and yet I do not much like the service that these poor fellows are to be engaged in. Although I had my share of the civil war, I cannot say I had ever so much real pleasure in that sort of service as when I was in service on the continent, and we were hacking at fellows with foreign faces and outlandish language. It’s a hard thing to hear a hamely Scotch tongue cry quarter, and be obliged to cut him down just the same as if he called out *misericorde*.—So, there they come through the Netherwood haugh; upon my word, fine-looking fellows, and capitally mounted—He that is galloping from the rear of the column must be Claver’s himself;—ay, he gets into the front as they cross the bridge, and now they will be with us in less than five minutes.” p. 279.

Grahame of Claverhouse, afterwards Viscount Dupdee, is one of our Author’s favourite characters, and he has taken extreme pains to render him a favourite with the reader.

‘Grahame of Claverhouse was in the prime of life, rather low of stature, and slightly, though elegantly, formed; his gesture, language, and manners, were those of one whose life had been spent among the noble and the gay. His features exhibited even feminine regularity. An oval face, a straight and well-formed nose, dark hazel eyes, a complexion just sufficiently tinged with brown to save it from the charge of effeminacy, a short upper-lip, curved upward like that of a Grecian statue, and slightly shaded by small mustachios of light-brown, joined to a profusion of long curled locks of the same colour, which fell down on each side of his face, contributed to form such a countenance as limners love to paint and ladies to look upon.

‘The severity of his character, as well as the higher attributes of undaunted and enterprising valour which even his enemies were compelled to admit, lay concealed under an exterior which seemed adapted to the court or the saloon rather than to the field. The same gentleness and gaiety of expression which reigned in his features seemed to inspire his actions and gestures; and, on the whole, he was generally esteemed, at first sight, rather qualified to be the votary of pleasure than of ambition. But under this soft exterior was hidden a spirit unbounded in daring and in aspiring, yet cautious and prudent as that of Machiavel himself. Profound in politics, and imbued, of course, with that disregard for individual rights which its intrigues usually generate, this leader was cool and collected in danger, fierce and ardent in pursuing success, careless of death himself, and ruthless in inflicting it upon others. Such are the characters formed in times of civil discord, when the highest qualities, perverted by party spirit, and inflamed by habitual opposition, are too often combined with vices and excesses which deprive them at once of their merit and of their lustre.’ pp. 286—288.

This Colonel Grahame, however, turns out to be a very humane man at the bottom. He tells Lady Margaret, that ‘the state

‘ of the country, growing worse and worse daily, *reduces him to the necessity* of taking measures with the recusants, *that are much more consonant with his duty, than with his inclinations.*’

“ I am not a selfish man,” he is subsequently made to assert, “ *though the world will tell you otherwise ; I am not selfish either in my hopes or fears, my joys or sorrows. I have not been severe for myself, or grasping for myself, or ambitious for myself. The service of my master, and the good of the country, is what I have tried to aim at. I may perhaps have driven severity into cruelty, but I acted for the best !*”

Nothing is more evident than that he is actuated by genuine patriotism in the painful service in which he is engaged. Lord Evandale, another most amiable man, informs his commander, ‘ that he has dispersed a conventicle, and made prisoner an old trumpeter of rebellion, who was in the act of exhorting his hearers to rise and be doing in the good cause ; *as well as one or two of his hearers who seemed to be particularly insolent.*’ He adds, that a large body of Whigs, to the amount of about a thousand men, had broken out into actual rebellion : ‘ Then it is time for us,’ replies Claverhouse, ‘ to be up and be doing also : There are rogues enough in this country to make the rebels five times their strength, if they are not checked at once.’

History however presents us some decisive instances of this officer’s humanity, and we shall transcribe one anecdote, *not to be found* in the *Tales of my Landlord.*

‘ One morning, between five and six hours, John Brown, having performed the worship of God in his family, was going with a spade in his hand, to make ready some peat-ground. The mist being very dark, he knew not until cruel and bloody Claverhouse compassed him with three troops of horse, brought him to his house, and there examined him ; who, though he was a man of stammering speech, yet answered him distinctly and solidly, which made Claverhouse to examine those whom he had taken to be his guide through the muirs, if they had heard him preach ? They answered, “ No, no, he was never a preacher.” He said, “ If he has never preached, meikle has he prayed in his time.” He said to John, “ Go to your prayers, for you shall immediately die.” When he was praying, Claverhouse interrupted him three times : one time that he stopped him, he was pleading that the Lord would spare a remnant, and not make a full end in the day of his anger. Claverhouse said, “ I gave you time to pray, and you have begun to preach :” he turned about upon his knees, and said, “ Sir, you know neither the nature of praying nor preaching, that call this preaching ;” then continued without confusion. When ended, Claverhouse said, “ Take good night of your wife and children.”

His wife standing by with her child on her arm that she had brought forth to him, and another child of his first wife's, he came to her, and said, "Now, Marion, the day is come that I told you would come, when I spake first to you of marrying me." She said, "indeed John, I can willingly part with you." Then he said, "This is all I desire, I have no more to do but die." He kissed his wife and bairns, and wished purchased and promised blessings to be multiplied upon them and his blessing. Claverhouse ordered six men to shoot him: the most part of the bullets came upon his head, which scattered his brains upon the ground. Claverhouse said to his wife, "What thinkest thou of thy husband now, woman?" She said, "I thought ever much of him, and now as much as ever." He said, "It were justice to lay thee beside him." She said, "If ye were permitted, I doubt not but your cruelty would go that length; but how will you make answer for this morning's work?" He said, "To man I can be answerable; and for God, I will take him in mine own hand." Claverhouse mounted his horse, and marched, and left her, with the corpse of her dead husband lying there. She set the bairn on the ground, and tied up his head, and straightened his body, and covered him in her plaid, and sat down, and wept over him.

Doubtless, these were some of 'the brave and sincere on either side,' to whom our Author alludes, as having 'long looked down with surprize and pity on the ill-appreciated motives'—The *fact* is, that Grahame was one of the most infernal agents of the bloodiest tyranny that ever disgraced the annals of humanity; and the self-contradictory attempts of this Novelist to extenuate or account for his atrocities, are made up of pure sentimental fiction.

But we forget ourselves; it is only *a tale*. We proceed, therefore, to lay before our readers the caricature portraits of the field-preachers, in which the Author has contrived to blend the broad burlesque of Butler with something of the tragic horror of the preternatural scenes in *Macbeth*. The following are the ecclesiastical leaders of the Covenanters: 'the Reverend Gabriel Kettledrummle,' Ephraim Macbriar, Peter Pound-text, an indulged pastor, and the maniac, Habbakuk Muckle-wrath,—names in which the propriety of history is wantonly violated, for the purpose of low humour.

Our Author has evidently been at the pains of looking through his Bible very lately, in order to furnish himself with apt phrases, to give dramatic effect to his characters. It is to be hoped that no injurious consequences have resulted from his thus exposing himself, for the sake of amusing others, to the effects in some cases attendant on too close a perusal of the sacred volume.

The imagination has sometimes, it is said, become distempered in consequence of the *orientalisms* of Scripture making a too vivid impression, and the more awful representations of a world to come, overshadowing the conscience. We have heard an anecdote whispered, that a distinguished living *wit*, having selected the character of a Methodist parson for a private masquerade, procured a Bible, and actually sat down to the perusal, in order to fit himself out for the occasion; but the ideas which he thus heedlessly imbibed, the expressions with which his memory became charged, were not with equal ease dislodged: they asserted their authority as truth, and his spirits, after an ineffectual struggle, sunk beneath the burden of his own impoisoned thoughts.

The following are some of the felicitous results of the union of our Author's biblical learning, with the creative powers of his genius

“Woe, woe, and a threefold woe unto you, ye bloody and violent persecutors!” exclaimed the Reverend Gabriel Kettledrummle—
“Woe, and threefold woe unto you, even to the breaking of seals, the blowing of trumpets, and the pouring forth of vials!”

“Ay—ay—a black cast to a’ their ill-fa’ar’d faces, and the outside o’ the loof to them at the last day,” echoed the shrill counter-tenor of Mause, falling in like the second part of a catch.

“I tell you,” continued the divine, “that your rankings and your ridings—your neighings and your prancings—your bloody, barbarous, and inhuman cruelties—your benumbing, deadening, and debauching the consciences of poor creatures by oaths, soul-damning and self-contradictory, have risen from earth to Heaven like a foul and hideous outcry of perjury for hastening the wrath to come—hugh! hugh! hugh!”

“And I say,” cried Mause, in the same tune, and nearly at the same time, “that wi’ this auld breath o’ mine, and it’s sair ta’en down wi’ the asthmatics, and this rough trot.”—

“De’il gin they would gallop,” said Cuddie, “wad it but gar her haud her tongue!”

“Wi’ this auld and brief breath,” continued Mause, “will I testify against the backslidings, defections, defalcations, and declinings, of the land—against the grievances and the causes of wrath.”

“Peace, I pr’ythee—Peace, good woman,” said the preacher, who had just recovered from a violent fit of coughing, and found his own anathema borne down by Mause’s better wind, “peace, and take not the word out of the mouth of a servant of the altar.—I say, I uplift my voice and tell ye, that before the play is played out—ay, before this very sun gaes down, ye shall learn that neither a desperate Judas, like your prelate Sharpe that’s gone to his place; nor a sanctuary-breaking Holofernes, like bloody-minded Claverhouse; nor an ambitious Diotrefes, like the lad Evandale; nor a covetous and warld-following Demas, like him they ca’ Serjeant Bothwell, that makes every wife’s plack and her meal-ark his ain; neither your carabines, nor your pistols, nor your broadswords, nor

your horses, nor your saddles, bridles, sarcingles, nose-bags, nor martingales, shall resist the arrows that are whetted and the bow that is bent against you."

"That shall they never, I trow," echoed Mause; "castaways are they ilk ane o' them—besoms of destruction, fit only to be flung into the fire when they have sweepit the filth out o' the Temple—whips of small cords, knotted for the chastisement of those wha like their warldly gudes and gear better than the Cross or the Covenant, but when that wark's done, only meet to mak latchets to the de'il's brogues." ' Vol. III. pp. 22—25.

Again, as a specimen of our Author's daring profaneness.

"Through the help of the Lord I have leaped over a wall," exclaimed poor Mause, as her horse was, by her rude attendants, brought up to leap the turf inclosure of a deserted fold, in which feat her curch flew off, leaving her grey hairs uncovered.

"I am sunk in deep mire where there is no standing—I am come into deep waters where the floods overflow me," exclaimed Kettledrummle, as the charger on which he was mounted plunged up to the saddle-girths in a *well-head*, as they call the springs which supply the marshes, the sable streams beneath spouting over the face and person of the captive preacher."

' These exclamations excited shouts of laughter among their military attendants.' Vol. III. pp. 32—33.

Gabriel Kettledrummle is called upon 'to improve the providential success' which the insurgents had obtained. 'Two mortal hours did he preach at a breathing.' His text is given at full length, the last verse of the forty-ninth chapter of Isaiah; and a syllabus is added of the fifteen heads into which his discourse was divided.

'Occasionally he vindicated with great animation the right of every freeman to worship God according to his own conscience; and presently he charged the guilt and misery of the people on the awful negligence of their rulers, who had not only failed to establish presbytery as the national religion, but had tolerated sectaries of various descriptions, Papists, Prelatists, Erastians assuming the name of Presbyterians, Independants, Socinians, and Quakers; all of whom, Kettledrummle proposed, by one sweeping act to expel from the land, and thus re-edify in its integrity the beauty of the sanctuary. He next handled very pithily the doctrine of defensive arms and of resistance to Charles II., observing, that instead of a nursing father to the Kirk, that monarch had been a nursing father to none but his own bastards. He went at some length through the life and conversation of that joyous prince, few parts of which, it must be owned, were qualified to stand the rough handling of so uncourtly an orator, who conferred on him the hard names of Jeroboam, Omri, Ahab, Shallum, Pekah, and every other evil monarch recorded in the Chronicles, and concluded with a round application of the Scripture, "Tophet is ordained of old; yea, for the KING it is provided: he hath made it deep and large; the pile thereof is fire and much

wood: the breath of the Lord, like a stream of brimstone, doth kindle it." pp. 101, 102.

He is succeeded by young Macbriar, whose thin features and hectic appearance, formed a contrast with the square stupid face of the more corpulent divine.

"Well is he this day that shall barter his house for a helmet, and sell his garment for a sword and cast in his lot with the children of the Covenant, even to the fulfilling of the promise; and woe, woe unto him who, for carnal ends and self seeking, shall withhold himself from the great work, for the curse shall abide with him, even the bitter curse of Meroz, because he came not to the help of the Lord against the mighty. Up then, and be doing; the blood of martyrs, reeking upon scaffolds, is crying for vengeance: the bones of saints, which lie whitening in the highways are pleading for retribution: the groans of innocent captives from desolate isles of the sea, and from the dungeons of the tyrant's high places, cry for deliverance; the prayers of persecuted Christians, sheltering themselves in dens and deserts from the swords of their persecutors, famished with hunger, starving with cold, lacking fire, food, shelter, and cloathing, because they serve God rather than man—all are with you, pleading, watching, knocking, storming the gates of heaven in your behalf. Heaven itself shall fight for you, as the stars in their courses fought against Sisera. Then whoso will deserve immortal fame in this world, and eternal happiness in that which is to come, let them enter into God's service, and take arles at the hand of his servant,—a blessing, namely, upon him and his household, and his children, to the ninth generation, even the blessing of the promise, for ever and ever! Amen." pp. 108—110.

It seems then, that the Covenanters of that period were equally intolerant with the Episcopalians, equally bent on gaining an exclusive establishment, equally disposed to persecute, had they got the uppermost, much more ferocious indeed in their dispositions, and far less orthodox in their creed; for here we have a Presbyterian preacher symbolizing with a Romish priest of the dark ages, and promising eternal life as the reward of bravery in the field of battle!! It is high time that the mistakes of former historians respecting the religious tenets, as well as the moral character of the Cameronians, were rectified. Is it possible that our Author can be chargeable with flagrant ignorance on this point, or with any wish unfairly to appropriate to the Episcopal Church, the doctrines of the Reformation? Doubtless, he has some unknown manuscript documents, to authorize these representations.

Our next specimen might vie with any *cauldron scene* in romance.

'The precincts of the gloomy and ruinous hut were enlightened partly by some furze which blazed on the hearth, the smoke whereof, having no legal vent, eddied around, and formed over the heads

of the assembled council a cloudy canopy, as opake as their metaphysical theology, through which, like stars through mist, were dimly seen to twinkle a few blinking candles, or rather rushes dipped in tallow, the property of the poor owner of the cottage, which were stuck to the walls by patches of wet clay. This broken and dusky light shewed many a countenance elated with spiritual pride, or rendered dark by fierce enthusiasm; and some whose anxious, wandering, and uncertain looks shewed they felt themselves rashly embarked in a cause which they had neither courage nor conduct to bring to a good issue, yet knew not how to abandon, for very shame. They were, indeed, a doubtful and disunited body. The most active of their number were those concerned with Burley in the death of the Primate, four or five of whom had found their way to Loudonhill, together with other men of the same relentless and uncompromising zeal, who had, in various ways, given desperate and unpardonable offence to the government.

“ I will not hold my peace,” reiterated the strange and unnatural voice; “ is this a time to speak of peace, when the earth quakes, and the mountains are rent, and the rivers are changed into blood, and the two-edged sword is drawn from the sheath to drink gore as if it were water, and devour flesh as the fire devours dry stubble !”

While he spoke thus, the orator struggled forward to the inner part of the circle, and presented to Morton's wondering eyes a figure worthy of such a voice and such language. The rags of a dress which had once been black, added to the tattered fragments of a shepherd's plaid, composed a covering scarce fit for the purposes of decency, much less for those of warmth or comfort. A long beard, as white as snow, hung down on his breast, and mingled with bushy, uncombed, grizzled hair, which hung in elf-locks around his wild and staring visage. The features seemed to be extenuated by penury and famine, until they hardly retained the likeness of a human aspect. The eyes, grey, wild and wandering, evidently betokened a bewildered imagination. He held in his hand a rusty sword, clotted with blood, as were his long lean hands, which were garnished at the extremity with nails like eagle's claws.

“ In the name of Heaven ! who is he ?” said Morton, in a whisper to Poundtext, surprised, shocked, and even startled at this ghastly apparition, which looked more like the resurrection of some cannibal priest, or Druid, red from his human sacrifice, than like an earthly mortal.

“ It is Habbakuk Mucklewrath,” answered Poundtext, in the same tone, “ whom the enemy have long detained in captivity in forts and castles, until his understanding hath departed from him, and, as I fear, an evil spirit hath possessed him. Nevertheless, our violent brethren will have it, that he speaketh of the spirit, and that they fructify by his pouring forth.”

Here he was interrupted by Mucklewrath, who cried in a voice that made the very beams of the roof quiver—“ Who talks of peace and safe conduct ? who speaks of mercy to the bloody house of

the malignants? I say, take the infants and dash them against the stones; take the daughters and the mothers of the house and hurl them from the battlements of their trust, that the dogs may fatten on their blood as they did on that of Jezebel, the spouse of Ahab, and that their carcasses may be dung to the face of the field even in the portion of their fathers!"

"He speaks right," said more than one sullen voice from behind; "we will be honoured with little service in the great cause, if we already make fair weather with Heaven's enemies."

"This is utter abomination and daring impiety," said Morton, unable to contain his indignation. "What blessing can you expect in a cause, in which you listen to the mingled ravings of madness and atrocity?"

"Hush, young man!" said Kettledrummy, "and reserve thy censure for that for which thou canst render a reason. It is not for thee to judge into what vessels the spirit may be poured."

"We judge of the tree by the fruit," said Poundtext, "and allow not that to be of divine inspiration that contradicts the divine laws."

"You forget, brother Poundtext," said Macbriar, "that these are the latter days, when signs and wonders shall be multiplied."

Poundtext stood forward to reply, but, ere he could articulate a word, the insane preacher broke in with a scream that drowned all competition.

"Who talks of signs and wonders?—Am not I Habbakuk Muckle-wrath, whose name is changed to Magor-Missabib, because I am made a terror unto myself and unto all that are around me?—I heard it!—When did I hear it?—Was it not in the Tower of the Bass, that overhange the wide wild sea?—And it howled in the winds, and it roared in the billows, and it screamed, and it whistled, and it clanged, with the screams and the clang and the whistle of the sea-birds, as they floated, and flew, and dropped, and dived, on the bosom of the waters. I saw it!—Where did I see it?—was it not from the high peaks of Dumbarton, when I looked westward upon the fertile land, and northward on the wild Highland hills, when the clouds gathered and the tempest came, and the lightnings of Heaven flashed in sheets as wide as the banners of an host?—What did I see?—Dead corpses and wounded horses, the rushing together of battle, and garments rolled in blood.—What heard I?—The voice that cried, Slay, slay—smite—slay utterly—let not your eye have pity! slay utterly, old and young, the maiden, the child, and the woman whose head is grey—Defile the house and fill the courts with the slain!"' Vol. III. pp. 174—189.

The finest piece of imaginative painting, however, in the four volumes, (for the tale which occupies the first volume, notwithstanding its captivating title, 'the Black Dwarf,' is decidedly inferior to that which is the subject of these remarks,) is the scene in which Henry Morton finds himself unwarily introduced into the midst of an assembly of the discomfited Cameromians, who are listening to the low-murmured prayers of Mac-

briar. His unexpected intrusion is interpreted by Mucklewrath, into a providential intimation that, like 'the ram caught in 'the thicket,' his blood is to serve 'as a drink-offering to redeem vengeance from the Church.' "Up, then," he exclaims, "and bind the victim with cords to the horns of the altar :"

Macbriar interposes, and proceeds to examine the prisoner prior to his condemnation, concerning the alleged charges of carnal self-seeking and Erastianism. His answers are not deemed satisfactory, and Macbriar proceeds to charge him with having, by his sins, drawn down defeat upon the whole host, and to adjudge him to death.

"Therefore, mark my words. This is the Sabbath, and our hand shall not be on thee to spill thy blood upon this day ; but, when the twelfth hour shall strike, it is a token that thy time on earth hath run ! Wherefore improve thy span, for it flitteth fast away.—Seize on the prisoner, brethren, and take his weapon from him."

The command was so unexpectedly given, and so suddenly executed by those of the party who had gradually closed behind and around Morton, that he was overpowered and disarmed before he could offer any effectual resistance. When this was accomplished, a dead and stern silence took place. The fanatics ranged themselves around a large oaken table, placing Morton amongst them, in such a manner as to be opposite to the clock which was to strike his knell. Food was placed before them, of which they offered their intended victim a share ; but, it will readily be believed, he had little appetite. When this was removed, the party resumed their devotions, Macbriar expostulating in prayer, as if to wring from the Deity a signal that the bloody sacrifice they proposed was an acceptable service. The eyes and ears of his hearers were anxiously strained, as if to gain some sight or sound which might be converted or wrested into a type of approbation, and ever and anon dark looks were turned on the dial-plate of the time-piece, to watch its progress towards the moment of execution.

Morton's eye frequently took the same course, with the sad reflection, that there appeared no possibility of his life being expanded beyond the narrow segment which the index had yet to travel on the circle until it arrived at the fatal hour. Faith in his religion, with a constant unyielding principle of honour, and the sense of conscious innocence, enabled him to pass through this dreadful interval with less agitation than he himself could have expected, had the situation been prophesied to him. Yet there was a want of that eager and animating sense of right which supported him in similar circumstances, when in the power of Claverhouse. Then he was conscious, that, amid the spectators, were many who were lamenting his condition, and some who applauded his conduct. But now, among these pale-eyed and ferocious zealots, whose hardened brows were soon to be bent, not merely with indifference, but with triumph, upon his execution,—without a friend to speak a kindly word, or give a look either of sympathy or encouragement,—awaiting till the sword destined to slay him crept out of the scabbard gradually, and

as it were by straw-breadths, and condemned to drink the bitterness of death drop by drop,—it is no wonder that his feelings were less composed than they had been on any former occasion of danger. His destined executioners, as he gazed around them, seemed to alter their forms and features, like the spectres in a feverish dream: their figures became larger, and their faces more disturbed; and, as an excited imagination predominated over the realities which his eyes received, he could have thought himself surrounded rather by a band of demons than of human beings; the walls seemed to drop with blood, and the light tick of the clock thrilled on his ear with such loud, painful distinctness, as if each sound were the prick of a bodkin inflicted on the naked nerve of the organ.

‘It was with pain that he felt his mind wavering while on the brink between this and the future world. He made a strong effort to compose himself to devotional exercises, and unequal, during that fearful strife of nature, to arrange his own thoughts into suitable expressions, he had, instinctively, recourse to the petition for deliverance and for composure of spirit which is to be found in the Book of Common Prayer of the Church of England*. Macbriar, whose family were of that persuasion, instantly recognized the words which the unfortunate prisoner pronounced half aloud.

“There lacked but this,” he said, his pale cheek kindling with resentment, “to rout out my carnal reluctance to see his blood spilt. He is a prelatist who has sought the camp under the disguise of an Erastian, and all, and more than all, that has been said of him, must needs be verity. His blood be on his head, the deceiver!—let him go down to Tophet with the ill-mumbled mass which he calls a prayer-book in his right hand.”

“‘I take up my song against him!’” exclaimed the maniac. “As the sun went back on the dial ten degrees for intimating the recovery of holy Hezekiah, so shall it now go forward, that the wicked may be taken away from among the people, and the Covenant established in its purity.”

‘He sprang to a chair with an attitude of frenzy, in order to anticipate the fatal moment by putting the index forward; and several of the party began to make ready their weapons for immediate execution, when Mucklewrath’s hand was arrested by one of his companions.

“‘Hist!’” he said,—“I hear a distant noise.”

“‘It is the rushing of the brook over the pebbles,’” said one.

“‘It is the sough of the wind among the bracken,’” said another.

* This is not unnatural: it is only another specimen of our Novelist’s disregard of fact. Morton had evidently no settled religious faith: he was no *Puritan*. That a person unaccustomed to pray, should at so fearful a moment mechanically adopt a form of devotion, is not to be wondered at. Thus, seamen in a storm, and many ignorant people under sudden fright, have ‘recourse to’ the Lord’s Prayer, because they know no other. But, unfortunately for our Author, the *English Prayer-book* was never imposed upon the people of Scotland, so that Morton could not be familiar with it.

"It is the galloping of horse," said Morton to himself, his sense of hearing rendered acute by the dreadful situation in which he stood; "God grant they may come as my deliverers!" Vol. iv. pp. 80—85.

The subsequent apparition of Habbakuk Mucklewrath, is exceedingly fine; but one short extract more from the examination by torture of Macbriar, before the Privy Council, must close our quotations.

'A dark crimson curtain, which covered a sort of niche, or Gothic recess in the wall, rose at the signal, and displayed the public executioner, a tall, grim, and hideous man, having an oaken table before him, on which lay thumb-screws, and an iron case, called the Scottish boot, used in these tyrannical days to torture accused persons. Morton, who was unprepared for this ghastly apparition, started when the curtain arose, but Macbriar's nerves were more firm. He gazed upon the horrible apparatus with much composure; and if nature called the blood from his cheek for a second, resolution sent it back to his brow with greater energy.

"Do your duty," said the Duke to the executioner.'

* * * * *

'Macbriar had scarce understood the purport of the words as first pronounced by the Lord President of the Council; but he was sufficiently recovered to listen and reply to the sentence when uttered by the harsh and odious voice of the ruffian who was to execute it, and at the last awful words, "And this I pronounce for doom," he answered boldly—"My Lords, I thank you for the only favour I looked for, or would accept at your hands, namely, that you have sent the crushed and maimed carcase which has this day sustained your cruelty, to this hasty end. It were indeed little to me, whether I perish on the gallows or in the prison-house. But if death, following close on what I have this day suffered, had found me in my cell of darkness and bondage, many might have lost the sight how a Christian man can suffer in the good cause. For the rest, I forgive you, my Lords, for what you have appointed, and I have sustained.—And why should I not?—Ye send me to a happy exchange—to the company of angels and the spirits of the just for that of frail dust and ashes—Ye send me from darkness into day—from mortality to immortality—and, in a word, from earth to heaven!—If the thanks, therefore, and pardon of a dying man can do you good, take them at my hand, and may your last moments be as happy as mine.'" Vol. iv. pp. 132—139.

It is not necessary to adduce historical proof that the characters of the Cameronian preachers in this Tale, are excessively distorted as individual portraits, and still more scandalously unfair as specimens of the persecuted Presbyterians. It is true that some of them, in particular Cameron himself, Guthrie, David Hackstoun, Donald Cargill, and Henry Hall of Haughhead, were betrayed into notions which may justly be termed fanatical, because they avowedly overstepped the line of ordinary duty, and assumed the precedents of Jewish history, which involved an extraordinary commission from the Almighty, as the basis of

imaginary obligations. The rough draft of an engagement found upon Henry Hall, shews that they carried their ideas of allegiance to the Divine Head of the Church, far beyond what the Apostles ever thought of, and indeed to an extreme which interfered with the prerogative of magistracy.* Still, no one, on reading their dying confessions can doubt of their sincerity; and their most furious excesses must be attributed rather to the adoption of false principles, originating in an obliquity of understanding, exasperated by cruelty, than to any criminality of intention. They knew not altogether what spirit they were of, but yet they were ready to die for what they deemed fidelity to Christ. No one would think in the present day, of justifying the assassination of Archbishop Sharp, as David Hackstoun did, alleging that 'he thought it no sin to despatch a bloody monster:' yet, in order impartially to appreciate the degree of enormity involved in that act, putting aside the accidental circumstances attending it, which shewed it was not premeditated, and the frantic delusion which led his murderers to construe those circumstances into an intimation of the Divine will, we should consider that these men were outlawed, the objects of direct warfare, hunted as wild beasts, and exposed to be murdered in cold blood by the first troop that should find them defenceless. This act of retaliation, therefore, for the innumerable cool-blooded murders committed by Claverhouse and others, although it cannot be on any ground defended, may be supposed to have appeared to the agents themselves, in the light of justifiable self-defence. Some of those who suffered, expressly disclaimed the lawfulness of private assassinations; and others answered to the usual interrogatories respecting the murder of Sharp: 'In so

* Some of their answers to the interrogatories of the Privy Council, are, however, very striking. The following occur in the examination of John Wilson. 'Q. Is Bothwell rebellion or not? A. No: it being for the defence of the harmless, who for hearing a preaching and defending themselves, and the confession of faith contained in your test says, It is a good work to defend the life of the harmless. Q. Think you it lawful to rise against magistracy? A. Will you condemn the reformation carried on by John Knox? Q. We are not come here to answer questions, but to ask. A. But the answering of that to me would be a full answer by me to your question. Then said the bishop, the reformation was good, but the way of carrying it on was ill. A. That is a marvellous thing, to think God would approve the actors in such actions, and yet the method be ill: and they to have a most solid peace in these actions, and to have such a mouth to defend it as all the wits in their days could not be able to withstand, as will be clear to any that reads the history of the reformation. O, said they, he has read the history of the reformation.'

'far as the Lord raised up instruments to execute his just judgments upon him, I have nothing to say against it.*

It is impossible not to admire the unshaken constancy and fortitude with which these poor people, men and women, and some of them very young women, persisted under the most horrid tortures, and in the face of death, in the assertion of their opinions. Bishop Burnet very judiciously remarks, that no use can be made of this, as an argument to prove the justice of their cause: 'but this,' he adds, 'is undeniable, the men who die maintaining any opinion, shew that they are firmly persuaded of it.' 'It is the saint that makes the martyr, not the martyr the saint:† but so far as these victims of tyranny suffered for their religious rather than their political opinions, it would be difficult to disprove their claims to the honour of Christian martyrdom. Indeed, their dying testimonies would not in many cases have been unworthy of the primitive times. 'Dear friends,' said Cargill to his fellow-prisoners, 'notwithstanding the unjustness of your sentence, go not to eternity with indignation against your enemies upon your own account. Neither let the goodness of the cause ye suffer for, found your confidence in God, and your hope of well-being; for were the action never so good, and performed without the least failing, which is not incident to human infirmity, it could never be a cause of obtaining mercy.‡ The letter addressed by the same individual, to the prisoners in the Correction House, while it throws light on the sectarian errors which had been adopted by some of the rigid Cameronians, breathes the very spirit of Christianity. He cautions them against placing religion too much in any particulars of reformation, to the comparative disregard of weightier things, lest 'Satan should overdrive them in their progress: he insists upon renovation of heart and a progress in sanctification, and deprecates pretensions to a spurious liberty, which is at variance with the precepts of the Gospel. Many, he tells them, have thought themselves at the height of assurance, when 'under the greatest temptations.' He condemns them for refusing to join in public worship with any but those they deemed regenerate, attributing it to a 'disease that has pride in it;' and for rejecting the singing-psalms as human compositions, arguing that the translation of Scripture was not less man's work, and on that ground might equally be rejected. Lastly, he reproves them for wishing 'to have

* See the last Testimony of James Boig, Marion Harvie, and others, in the "Cloud of Witnesses."

† Ecl. Rev. N. S. Vol. II. p. 132.

‡ Compare this with the Sermon put into the mouth of Macbriar. p. 328.

‘those prayed to eternal wrath, who had departed and made de-
 ‘fection in that time.’ ‘Alas! we need not blow them away;
 ‘the great part is going fast enough that way; but this I am
 ‘sure, is not to give God his glory, but to take from him, and
 ‘limit him in his freedom and choice, in the greatness of his
 ‘pardon. It is remarkable that the angels in their glory to God,
 ‘joined also with it good will to men.’ ‘I forgive all men the
 ‘wrongs they have done to me,’ were nearly the last words he
 uttered on the scaffold.

But the dying exclamation of M’Kail, to whom, under the
 name of Macbriar, it is evident from the similarity of the cir-
 cumstances that the Novelist alludes, in the torture-scene we have
 extracted, has found a place in the pages even of Hume. These
 were his last words: ‘Farewell sun, moon, and stars,
 ‘farewell kindred and friends, farewell world and time, farewell
 ‘weak and frail body; welcome eternity, welcome angels and
 ‘saints, welcome Saviour of the world, and welcome God, the
 ‘Judge of all:’ words which, aided by the voice and manner
 of the speaker, struck all who heard them with emotions of
 admiration and horror.

We should not have occupied our pages with details familiar
 to those who are acquainted with history, were it not that the
Tales of my Landlord will doubtless fall into the hands of
 thousands who will not have leisure, even if disposed to take
 the pains, to compare them with authentic narrative. Their
 effect in this case, and we are constrained to think it their de-
 signed effect, would be to convey a false impression of a highly
 important and interesting period in the annals of their own
 country. What motive could actuate an Author in this attempt,
 we do not pretend to divine; its honesty we leave our readers
 to estimate. What must be the feelings of a man who could sit
 down coolly to turn to amusement the characters and sufferings
 of men whom, if he was incapable of honouring their heroic for-
 titude, he must regard as objects of the most poignant com-
 passion? Yes, the torture is a fine subject for scenic painting,
 and the Grass-market affords noble scope for ridicule, and a
 country groaning beneath the blood stained yoke of petty ty-
 rants, is a most appropriate ground-work for a Landlord’s
 Tale! But were we to presume to remind our Author of the
 fearful responsibility attaching to talents like his, which he
 would do well to reflect upon before he commits a similar literary
 outrage, his only answer would probably be in the spirit of his
 favourite Claverhouse, ‘To man I can be answerable.’



Art. II. *Sketches of India; or Observations descriptive of the Scenery, &c. in Bengal: Written in India, in the Years 1811, 12, 13, 14; together with Notes on the Cape of Good Hope, and St. Helena, written in those Places in February, March, and April, 1815.* 8vo. pp. 261. Price 7s. Black and Co. 1816.

AS it is testified and affirmed of the people of India, with endless repetition, that they exhibit a perpetual sameness of manners, customs, opinions, and institutions, it might seem, at first sight, a natural inference, that there should be no need of a long succession of descriptive accounts of them; especially as it has been stated that their chief characteristics are of a very obvious nature. Nevertheless, the English public receives, with a considerable share of attention, one descriptive work after another; and no one surmises that we are near the conclusion of the series.

One of the most remarkable circumstances attending this succession of descriptions, is, that while the character and economy of that people have been constantly affirmed to be as determinate, as prominently manifested, and as invariable, as the Egyptian Pyramids, it has not however been till after a long course of time, and till after a multitude of reports have been received, that a moderately correct estimate has come to prevail. An estimate in some of the most important points the full reverse of the truth, was very generally admitted till a comparatively recent period, and has hardly even now lost all its maintainers, though they are nearly reduced to silence.

It is among the results of these multifarious reports respecting the Hindoos, that their economy, their system of dogmas and practices, is found to be much less fixed, definite, and invariable, than it has been common to represent and believe: that while they certainly do furnish a wonderful display of how much an institution can do towards securing sameness and permanence, yet there are among them innumerable dissensions of vain speculation, many diversities of degree in the reverence for the authority of the ancient rules and usages, and no little caprice in the selection and observance of superstitious rites, and even in the preferences of the various objects of those rites. On the whole, the system as now practically existing, is a thing greatly different from the original institution, as methodized in a code on the authority of Menu and other ancient oracles. It is contracted into something far less comprehensive and punctilious, and is sunk from that air of majesty in its imposition and sanctions, which in the instituting authority seemed almost to threaten annihilation to the wretch that should question, or hesitate, or wish to modify, or slight the minutest particle of the transcendental appointment. If there could be an inquisitive European who had read only the Institutes of Menu, and

had heard half the assertions and asseverations that have even within comparatively late years demanded belief that the Hindoo economy, strictly and practically formed upon the entire extent of the model of the ancient prescriptions, has been maintained unaltered to this hour, he would soon find himself, if he were to commence an actual survey and investigation of the present state of the Hindoos, sufficiently puzzled between the system thus ordered and settled in his mind, and the matter of fact presented to his view. Especially would he find himself at fault in the affair of the four *Castes*, discriminated in the 'sacred books' by such an immense detail of incommunicable characteristics and inviolable regulations. This accursed contrivance he would find in quite sufficient practical prevalence, to satisfy the most consummate hater or scorner of the human race; but he would look in vain for this infinite precision of distinction and distribution. He might have previously expected that he should be able to recognise the four great classes, whenever he should observe the people, as quickly and certainly as if they were absolutely of different colours; whereas, the disordering, wearing-down effect of time, which counterworks the force of all arbitrary institutions, has in this most worthy case prevailed to a degree which would make it very difficult for him to assign the pagan crowd around him to their respective places in the grand scale of sanctity and turpitude, excepting perhaps those at the very top and the very bottom. An uncannonical jumble of customs, pretensions, and employments, will be found to have involved the ranks between these extremes, and even to be in some considerable degree extending its profanation to the highest.

Nevertheless, the *unchangeableness* of the Hindoos and of their institutions, is likely enough to be retained among the common-places of a certain class of our wise men, for many years to come. All sorts of men are fond of their respective common-places; but perhaps no class of these pearls of wisdom are held in such estimation by the appropriate class of dealers and owners, as the propositions which bear some implication hostile to Christianity. In the strength of this merit they can long defy not only arguments, but facts, none of which, however large and fast they might come in with their evidence upon the holder of the maxims in question, for a moment disturb their invulnerable self-complacency. The sensible Author of the present very entertaining volume, is so pleased with the notion so tritely repeated among his class, (that same, of the unchangeableness of the Hindoos,) that he affixes it to the head of his book, like the devotee mark daubed on the foreheads of the worshippers of Seeva. His Preface begins thus:

'No nation on the face of the globe presents a wider field for spe-

ulation, or affords subjects for more interesting enquiry, than the Hindoos. Divided into castes, or tribes, as was indubitably the characteristic of many nations in remoter times, we behold them in the present day what they were in the primeval ages, and what, in all human probability, they will ever remain.

‘The monotony pervading every custom of this singular people, although it may seem to afford but little scope for curiosity, is in reality the circumstance which seizes with increased interest on the astonishment and admiration of a stranger: for who can contemplate the sad reverses to which their ancient greatness and prosperity have been subjected, without being struck with the immutability which during a lapse of ages has prevailed through their religion and the institutions connected with it?’

The Author does not signify for which of the two he feels the greater compassion, the people assumed to be so doomed to perpetual superstition and degradation, or the fanatics for invading them with missions, and translations of the Bible, who fancy that some reliance may be placed on the predictions in that Book, and as a matter of mere common sense, besides, laugh at the notion of a necessary perpetuity in any one particular artificial form of the perversion of the human nature.

A large proportion, however, of the volume, consists of descriptions, given in a clear, lively, and rapid style, of natural scenery, the state of the country, and the effect of time and wars on places once the proudest seats of magnificence. In this last respect the view of India must be exceedingly striking. All describers agree in representing the gloomy and funereal effect, amidst all the life and riches of Nature, of the vestiges of departed grandeur, the signs of an empire dead and inhumed, only with here and there left in ghastly appearance above ground some prominence of its mighty form, in ruins which are themselves also perishing. We cannot, however, pretend to any great degree of sympathy with the pathetic regret which seems to have affected some writers, almost to distress, in the contemplation of what even so gay and easy a person as our Author, denominates the ‘sad reverse.’ The calamities, indeed, that may be supposed, or are known, to have been suffered during the long period of the decline from the ancient state of the country, justly excite mournful reflections; but the fact simply, that where once there were superb palaces of despots, and temples of idols, there are now dilapidated towers and walls, or but a few mouldering relics, destined soon to vanish from the earth, does not excite in us any deeply sorrowful emotions. There are in all reason quite a sufficient number of such edifices still remaining in the world. The ruin and destruction of so many, is just so much lost of the splendour which aids tyranny and superstition to overawe the mind of the multitude. Philanthropy and piety will wish that some more of this auxiliary force were destroyed.

If it should be alleged that the ruin of these magnificent works, and the accompanying diminution, in some instances approaching to desolation, of the cities which they so proudly adorned, evince a great difference also, in point of multitude, between the population of the ancient and that of modern times, we should answer by asking on what reasonable ground it could be wished there should exist so much as one creature more to worship Seeva and Dhoorga, than the actual number?

So far as the decline from the ancient state of the country has involved a diminution of the means of well-being, in any the humblest sense of the word, to the existing individuals, it is matter of mere humanity to be sorry for it; but at the same time it would be the idlest of all dreams that could represent it as even possible for a community formed on the Brahminical polity, to have ever been in a condition deserving in any sense to be denominated happy, whatever might have been its numbers, or the state of arts and wealth implied by the multitude and sumptuousness of the abodes of its monarchs and idols,—if indeed the costliness of despots and false gods could be taken as any standard of the wealth or accommodations of the people.

But we must return to our Author, on whose work, however, it is the less necessary to enlarge, as it is likely to be recommended to a considerably extensive circulation by its laudable brevity, its corresponding price, and its merit as a vigorous slight sketch of the physical, moral, and political aspects of India. Very marked praise is due to the judgement or the self-denial which, when a book relating to a foreign country was to be composed, and that under the influence of so many examples of prolixity and ostentation, could decide to leave so large a portion of the Author's journals untranscribed. Indeed, there are parts where we could have wished the rule of exclusion somewhat less rigorous.

The stretch of his excursion in the year 1813, was first directly up the Ganges, fourteen hundred miles, to Hurdwar, 'the boundary at once of Hindoostan and the Company's influence.' But hardly does a description of Parisian fashions go sooner out of date, than any statement of the limits of the Company's influence, or even of their formal dominion. From Hurdwar the Author had a strong inclination to attempt the Goorkah valley, governed in a spirit of inimical jealousy and precaution against Europeans by a lord lieutenant of his Majesty of Nepal. The inhabitants too bearing sufficient ill-will to the strangers from the south, such an intrusion through their mountain passes had scarcely ever been thought of by the tourists to the upper provinces, and it was not effected by our Author without some difficulty, and perhaps a little exertion of courage; whereas, for now a considerable time the case has been, that an

English traveller would find those passes, and the more interior forts, occupied by his own countrymen, prompt to shew him every civility, and readily answering for the safety of his rambles within the British Goorkah dominions. After the return to Hurdwar, the journey was prosecuted in the direction of Delhi and Agra, including a number of other memorable places, and at Lucknow the narration terminates. The date given at this termination, is about Midsummer, 1814, full three years from the time of the Author's setting off from Calcutta on the expedition. Of course he made a somewhat prolonged residence among the northern stations; a year at Sahranpoor, in a climate which he pronounces to be 'infinitely superior to that of any other part of Bengal.'

Hurdwar is well known to be a place of prodigious resort at a particular time of the year, for the Brahmins, who have to *sell* the blessings of superstition, and the wretched dupes who have to *buy* them. Our Author, little as he appears to value any projects for the extermination of this superstition, has nevertheless the honesty, and, considering what has been the conduct of the majority of our Christian gentlemen returned from India, we may say the merit, of speaking of this superstition and of its haughty and its humiliated votaries, in the appropriate language, in terms of exposure and reprobation. The grand object with a great proportion of the crowding myriads, is to bathe in the river, here at its entrance, with all its celestial purity, into Hindoostan.

'Wretches, loaded with enormities,' says the Author, 'and oppressed by the weight of their sins, bend annually their steps to this spot of unparalleled superstition and priestcraft. Here, lavishing on the Brahmins a portion of their wealth, they are absolved of their offences, and return to their several homes with consciences pure and unsullied as the stream in which they have immersed.—The Brahmins possessing among the Hindoos the highest spiritual and temporal authority, fatten on the credulity of their worshippers. Religion, here, as in the darker ages of Europe, assumes a shape the bane and curse of the people. Its ministers enjoy all the pleasures and luxuries of this life; and to the deluded wretch, who, with tears in his eyes, offers the few *pice*, industriously acquired by the sweat of his brow, they point to the heavens, and in promising future happiness, fail not to menace everlasting punishment for the smallness of the offering. This is no fanciful picture, wrought for the occasion. I have witnessed it repeatedly;—who, that has observed any thing in India, but has done the same?'

The apparent contradiction in the sentence where the Brahmins are made to bless and curse in the same moment and sentence, gives us occasion to remark that our Author is rather frequently guilty of a culpable negligence of expression, and is not seldom careless of grammatical correctness. Why

will-writers who have no plea of haste, affect to hold themselves exempted from any of the plain proprieties of composition?

But the Brahmins:—they were understood to have levied more than £25,000 sterling at the fair of 1814. They pretend to regulate their demands by the circumstances, individually, of the tribute-payers; but the contrary is evident from the state to which numbers of them are reduced.

‘From the great wretchedness,’ says our Author, ‘which ever prevails after this fair, from which multitudes return half famished and literally naked, it is easy to perceive that the avarice of the priesthood is only surpassed by the atrocity of the means which they employ to gratify it.’

At this fair, at the end of March, 1814, sixty thousand people are supposed to have been collected; and doubtless the strangeness of the spectacle would be found to warrant the Author’s superlative terms in describing it.

‘The spot on which the fair is held, not exceeding a mile in length, or a third of that in breadth, presented a medley of Persians, Tartars, Seiks, and natives from every part of India, Jats, Rohillas, Greeks, &c. of the reality of which not a bare idea can be entertained by even the most lively imagination. The astonishing variety of features, dresses, languages, and customs; the savage appearance of the Tartar, contrasted with the prepossessing appearance of the Seik; the noble stature of the Persian, with the effeminate form of the Hindoo, presented, to the curious and discriminating, so many delicate shades, and such richness of colouring throughout, that, as a living picture of Asiatic men and manners, and as affording an inexhaustible fund of amusement and information—a large fair at Hurdwar may almost be considered unrivalled.’

To this re-assemblage of all that was scattered at Babel, was added, at the time of our Author’s visit, a striking singularity, that of an English ‘Anabaptist Missionary,’ lecturing on the Bible to this many-featured mass of idolaters. To say nothing of the very criminal imprudence of such a man, thus wilfully putting to hazard, in the prosecution of a vain scheme for supplanting by Christianity the ancient and venerable religions, the peace of India, at a place where the religious sensibility must be peculiarly irritable, and where a vindictive explosion might have effects which would rapidly extend downward through Bengal,—to say nothing of this most formidable view of the matter, what shall we think of the personal temerity of a man who could thus expose himself to the fanatical rage of so many hundreds of Brahmins, and so many thousands of devotees obsequious to their prompting?—for the personal danger attending such a provocation is immediate and extreme, as all the world has been made to hear. Nine in ten of our gentlemen from India, would at any time have pronounced

that a person who should do this must be a madman, and would tempt and deserve his fate. We will transcribe the story as given by our Author.

‘ During the greater part of this fair, which lasted nearly three weeks, an Anabaptist Missionary (Mr. Chamberlain) in the service of her highness the Begum Sumroo, attended, and from a Hindoostance translation of the scriptures, read daily a considerable portion. His knowledge of the language was as that of an accomplished native; his delivery impressive, and his whole manner partook much of mildness and benignity. In fine, he was such as all who undertake the arduous and painful duties of a missionary should be. No abuse, no language which could in any way injure the sacred service he was employed in, escaped his lips. Having finished his allotted portion, on every part of which he commented and explained, he recited a short prayer, and concluded the evening by bestowing his blessing on all assembled. At first, as may be expected, his auditors were few: a pretty convincing proof, when sixty thousand people were collected, that it was not through mere curiosity they subsequently increased. For the first four or five days he was not surrounded by more than as many hundred Hindoos; in ten days (for I regularly attended) his congregation had increased to as many thousands. From this time, to the conclusion of the fair, they varied; but never, on a rude guess, I should fancy, fell below eight thousand. They sat around, and listened with an attention which would have reflected credit on a Christian audience. On the Missionary’s retiring, they every evening cheered him home with “ May the Padre (or Priest) live for ever.”

‘ Such was the reception of a missionary at Hurdwar, the Loretto of the Hindoos, at a time when five lacs of people were computed to have been assembled, and whither Brahmins from far and near had considered it their duty to repair. What was not the least singular, many of these Brahmins formed part of his congregation. They paid the greatest deference to all that fell from him, and when in doubt requested an explanation. Their attendance was regular, and many whose countenances were marked, were ever the first in assembling. Thus, instead of exciting a tumult, as was at first apprehended, by attempting conversion at one of the chief sources of idolatry, Mr. Chamberlain, by his prudence and moderation, commanded attention; and I have little doubt, ere the conclusion of the fair, effected his purpose, by converting to Christianity men of some character and reputation.’

So much for the incapacity, the fanaticism, the madness, of missionaries, and the mischief inevitably to follow from their being ‘ let loose on the inhabitants of Hindoostan.’

But ‘ what is this that is come to the son of Kish? Is Saul also among the prophets?’ It might seem as if, after our Author’s honesty had carried him resolutely through this statement, he had been let fall into the apprehension of incurring some similar allusion from those persons of pretension returned

from India with an unqualified hostility to all missionaries, and all they do or can do, and from those who have been found ready at home to join in their maledictions. For, first hinting a claim of merit for impartiality in thus stating this one instance of missionary proceedings and character, he goes on to speak of missionaries collectively, of whom it is evident he knows scarcely any thing, in unfavourable terms, in terms nearly importing that their conduct toward the natives forms a contrast to that of the individual whom he saw. The most favourable remark that can be made on such an utter misrepresentation is, that the Author has suffered himself to take on trust the assertions of those persons whose palpable hatred to missions and to Christianity itself might have cautioned him to repeat nothing on their testimony. As to the disadvantages under which the missionaries appear among the natives, without attendants, with the evident signs of being destitute of that wealth which the Hindoo adores, without any specific authority or protection from the government, in short, as he expresses it, 'vagabonds,' proposing a religion poor in attractions of external pomp—they would have been truly as foolish as their bitterest haters, or rudest scoffers have ever said, if they had entered on their design without a firm presumption that the cause to which they devoted themselves would be accompanied by a power quite different from that of exterior show, and infinitely more than a compensation for its absence. Let our Author assign this to pure fanaticism, and be content.

We repeat, however, that he uses no measured language with respect to the moral character of the Hindoos, and the tendency of their superstition: if he will not let missionaries apply the proper epithets, he will do it himself. He presumes, for instance, to loathe and abominate the holy and venerable city of the gods, to which so many *philosophic* European visitants have demanded our sympathetic reverence.

'The streets of Benares are so extremely narrow that I frequently touched both sides with my hands as I passed in the palanquin. The immense population that swarms in them, the number of Brahma's bulls that infest every part, and their dusty and dirty state, afforded me the correct ideas of the city. It struck me at once as a spot of the grossest superstition; the dwelling of an avaricious and designing priesthood, and in which every vice is perpetrated, under the mask of religion.'

He represents the Hindoos as devoid of humanity and natural affection. They can with all imaginable composure take their aged parents to the banks of the river, and suffocate them with mud. And when they can thus treat the living, it is not, as he says, to be wondered at that they shew a contempt totally unparalleled in all other regions of the globe, of all decent atten-

tions to the dead. We transcribe a description of what the voyager of the Ganges may expect to see in that sacred stream, especially in the approach to the populous places on its banks.

‘ Every hour passed on the rivers of India presents sights shocking to humanity, and sickening to the most apathetic. Crows and vultures are seen daily floating on half-eaten bodies, and glutting themselves with the entrails, the “shreds and remnants” of mortality. I have, myself, near the holy city of Benares, had my boats surrounded with bodies, in every stage of decay, from those just committed to the water, to others in the most loathsome state of putrefaction. I have seen the oars of the boatmen strike against the mangled carcasses, and in the act of my servants drawing water to drink, have often cautioned them against the floating fragments of a human body. In extenuation of this disgraceful custom, the natives urge their poverty; and I have not unfrequently had the happiness of contributing, by a rupee’s worth of wood, to the decent treatment of a parent, a sister, or brother, by reducing the corps to ashes.’

He learnt that in the Goorkah territory, the Suttee or burning of widows, continues more frequent than it is now in Bengal. One day, in a romantic scene, his attention was caught by many rude piles of stones, four and five feet high, erected in the simplest manner, and indicating various distances of time by their appearance. He was informed they were the monuments of women so sacrificed, and that in a few days there would be an opportunity for his enjoying, if he pleased, the spectacle of such a transaction. He saw, and thus describes it.

‘ Atten in the morning the ceremony began. A pile of wood, about four feet and a half high, being previously erected, the mourner appeared, and having performed her ablutions in the Assan, a clear meandering stream which ran near, walked three times round the fatal pile, and taking a tender farewell of her family and friends, prepared for the last dreadful ceremony. She was a remote descendant of one of the hill princes; and though too short for a fine form, had a fair and interesting countenance. Her natural beauty, heightened by her resolution, would have affected a heart of adamant. Her glossy black hair hung dishevelled on her shoulders; and, attired in a yellow sheet, (the garment of despair), this infatuated widow ascended the fatal pile. The noise of drums and other native instruments now became deafening. Placing the head of her husband in her lap, she sat, seemingly unconcerned, and with the continued exclamations of Ram, Ram, witnessed the savage exultations of the Brahmins, as they eagerly applied torches to the pile. Ghee (clarified butter) and other inflammable substances, having been profusely spread on the lower parts of the wood, it ignited in an instant. Still was heard the cry of Ram, Ram: her chief ambition appeared to consist in invoking her god to the last. The flames had now ascended far above the sufferer, and her agony was very apparent in the agitation of the pile. But the Brahmins immediately threw on more wood, and buried both bodies from our sight. I shall not at-

tempt to paint the spectacle which presented itself on the flames being extinguished : it was truly horrible. Their ashes were collected and thrown into the Assan ; and shortly after, a pile of stones, similar to those before-mentioned, was erected on the spot where the suttee had taken place.

Many highly interesting extracts might be made, from parts where the Author describes remarkable scenery, or ruins, the magnificent and daring sport of tiger-hunting, the manners of the court of Lucknow, or the state of the agriculture in the various districts, and the condition of the ryots or cultivators, which is truly a picture of misery. But it will be quite enough to indicate such subjects, as being displayed in a sensible and lively manner.

Art. III. *An Essay on the Doctrine of the Trinity* : attempting to prove it by Reason and Demonstration, founded upon Duration and Space ; and upon some of the Divine Perfections, some of the Powers of the Human Soul, the Language of Scripture, and Tradition among all Nations. By the Rev. James Kidd, A.M. Minister of the Chapel of Ease, Gilcomston, and Professor of Oriental Languages in the Marischal College and University, Aberdeen. 8vo. pp. 602. Price 12s. Hatchard. 1815.

IT is difficult to adjust the balance between the approbation due to a good intention, and the sense of disappointment and displicency produced by defective execution. But when the attempt has been made with discretion, care, and modesty, and when the failure, whether total or partial, results from the greatness and profound nature of the subject, we feel it to be entitled to respect and indulgence : *magnis excidit ausis*. The Author of the book before us, however, would spurn at such respect. He every where takes the highest ground, and claims, for every one of his arguments, the rank of demonstration. We have rarely met with a writer who puts himself more in the posture of defiance to criticism. The appearance of method is stamped upon the surface of the work ; Axioms and Definitions are formally premised : the matter is divided into large portions, to the head of which is prefixed the word PROPOSITION ; each of the portions has a summary of its *alleged* Contents, and is divided into paragraphs arithmetically distinguished : but a closer approach discovers a singular compound of wandering irregularity in the disposing of the matter, the grossest truisms adduced in the most pompous manner, continual repetition, and the most wearisome verbosity.

Yet these faults are not decisive proofs of the absence of all solid argument. Among loads of loose material, there may be masses of rock : and it is our duty, though a toilsome one, to undertake the search.

The title of this work professes to establish the doctrine of the TRINITY by metaphysical reasonings, scriptural testimony, and scattered notices or traditions among heathen nations. But it is the first of these classes of argument that is the most largely and elaborately treated.

That the fact of a Trinity of Subsistences in the Divine Nature might be evinced by rational considerations, drawn from the necessary Essence and Perfections of the Infinite Being, was maintained by some theologians and philosophers of former days. Aquinas, and his rival Duns Scotus, have some obscure and tedious argumentations on this point. The great and good patriot of France, de Mornay, has a train of reasoning in his work *On the Truth of the Christian Religion*, Chap. V. remarkably similar (except in the article of style, for the French nobleman's is plain and simple,) to that which Mr. Kidd has spread through so many close pages. Mr. Howe, in his *Calm and Sober Enquiry concerning the Possibility of a Trinity in the Godhead*, has many profound remarks on this mode of viewing the great mystery of the Divine Existence. But Mr. Howe does not advance those remarks as antecedent and independent proofs, but as arguments to evince that there is no impossibility or incredibility *à priori*, in the doctrine of Three distinct and Personal Subsistences in the ONE Divine Essence.

But Professor Kidd is not content with the humble and modest reasoning of Howe, though we cannot but think that, by the imitation of it, he would have conferred a signal advantage upon his own work. He assumes the high tone of *Demonstration*, and never betrays a doubt of the infallibility of those processes which he is pleased so to denominate.

An Axiom, according to the dull and antiquated doctrine which we were taught, is a position the truth of which is evident and indubitable, as soon as the mind perceives its meaning. But in the new metaphysics of Professor Kidd, any thing may be called an Axiom, which is expressed in a dogmatic form and printed in a single and detached sentence. He might as well have collected the general positions which he professes to establish throughout his volume, have printed them in the form of sententious affirmations, and have called them Axioms. We take a specimen.

1. 'The Divine Essence being necessarily, naturally, and most perfectly spiritual, must be immaterial, simple, and indivisible.

2. 'The immateriality, spirituality, simplicity, and indivisibility, of the Divine Essence, does not prevent it from subsisting in personality, according to all the qualities and attributes of its own nature.

6. 'One mode of subsistence, or personality, of that which is eternal, immense, and immutable, can never exercise or manifest its own moral perfections, according to the law of the activity, energy, and operation of their own nature; because no perfection can be both agent and object at the very same time, and in the very same act.

9. 'That which is necessarily eternal, immense, and immutable, if ever, in any one instance, it be exercised at all, according to its own nature, must be exercised eternally, immensely, and immutably.' pp. 1, 2, 3.

Our readers can be at no loss to form an opinion of a writer who can give the name of Axioms to such paragraphs as these. The first, few persons would contest; but it is not a self-evident truth: it is a deduction from several processes of reasoning. The second is ambiguous: for does the writer mean one 'personality,' or more? If the former, he says nothing applicable to the purpose; if the latter, the assertion is a mere *petitio principii*. The sixth is actually given in the form of an argument; and whether the argument be sound or weak, the conclusion from it is the *very question* in debate. The last is either an identical proposition, or a gross untruth: it is either an affirmation, (grounded upon the qualifying clause, 'according to its own nature,') that *what is necessarily eternal, immense, and immutable, is eternal, immense, and immutable*; or it involves the notion that all the exercises of the Eternal Mind, including of course the production of the dependent universe, are eternal, immense, and immutable. Perhaps other meanings may be invented for these declarations; but, whatever may be their intention, they are far enough removed from the rank of Axioms.

We shall place before our readers *all* the Definitions, or as the Author calls them *Explanations of Words*; because, if we were to make a selection, we fear that we might be suspected of taking the weakest and most extraordinary.

'*Mode*, in the following Essay, signifies the continuation of the Divine Essence and perfections, identically the same in moral distinction.

'*Personality* is considered as the same with the identical mode of subsistence, in moral distinction.

'*Subsistence*, or to subsist, means the same mode of the essence and perfections continuing in an immutable moral relation.

'*Relation* means the order of distinct subsistence.

'*Distinction* means the connection between the essence and its attributes, or between one mode of subsistence and another, real in nature, and conceivable by the mind.

'*Procession* means the constitution and economy of the Divine Nature, in exhibiting its own personality, in order to its own existence, perfection, and happiness.

'Communication means the economy of the Divine Essence, in the full and perfect exercise of its own moral perfections, according to all the attributes and qualities of its nature, in the most perfect personality, that the divine being may be absolutely perfect in itself.

'A mode, or person, arising in the Divine Essence, means the personality of that essence, exhibiting itself in the order of its own nature.' pp. 3, 4

To these Definitions we must in justice add another, which occurs by itself, in a note at the end of the Preface.

'N. B. The phrase, in *Moral Distinction*, is used in a few places in a peculiar sense in this Essay, and means that we cannot ascertain the personality of the Divine Essence, but by the medium of its own moral excellence.' *Pref.* p. xxviii.

Here, then, are Axioms and Definitions worthy of each other. Such a confusion of thought, and so violent an exercise of arbitrary power in the use of words, it would be difficult to parallel. From a beginning like this, we cannot augur very auspiciously of the progress of the work. But to enable our readers to judge for themselves, we shall present them one or two extracts; and they shall be from those which we deliberately and conscientiously regard as the best portions in the whole volume.

'In speaking of the Divine Being, we always keep in view the Divine Essence, the Divine perfections, and the divine modes of subsistence, or the divine persons respectively. Thus, in beginning the thought from the views of duration and space, we consider the Divine Being as necessarily self-existent, necessarily possessing life, spirituality, intelligence, moral excellence, and efficiency; and we consider these as perfections which are inseparable: And though we may contemplate them distinctly, yet we must ever suppose them inseparable from the Divine Essence, and from one another, and necessarily possessing underived activity, energy, and operation. In speaking of the modes of distinct subsistence, after showing that the Divine Essence and perfections must subsist distinctly in three, and can subsist in neither more nor less than three; when we fix our thoughts upon the mode, we must attend to order; and contemplating the first mode as naturally and necessarily constituted by the economy of the Divine Essence and perfections, and having the whole of the Divine Nature in itself:—now, contemplating this, and knowing that the Divine Essence necessarily possesses life, spirituality, intelligence, moral excellence, and efficiency, and therefore must naturally be active, energetic, operative, and influential;—in order that we may account for the full and perfect exercise of the whole of these, to the very uttermost of their own nature, we say,—the First Mode, according to all the qualities and attributes of its own nature, communicates the whole of the Divine Essence and perfections necessarily, eternally, immensely, and immutably, that

they may subsist in a mode distinct, not separate, from what they do in itself; and as this communication, which is a full and perfect manifestation or display of the divine efficiency, according to its own nature, and, together with it, the whole of the Divine Essence, and other perfections, which we have already proved to be inseparable; and as this communication is entirely founded upon the activity, energy, and operative influence of the Divine Essence and perfections, as already proved; and as the Divine Nature is thus necessarily and essentially active, energetic, operative, and influential, so is the divine efficiency or power. For the divine power is derived from the Divine Nature; and as the divine efficiency is active, energetic, operative, and influential, so is the divine will: for the divine will is derived from the divine power or efficiency. And thus we see, it is the very nature of the Divine Being, as subsisting in the first mode, to communicate, according to the economy of its own nature, by the divine efficiency, the whole of the Divine Essence and perfections eternally, immensely, and immutably, that they may subsist in another distinct mode: and nothing less than this can be a full and perfect exertion or manifestation of the divine efficiency, to the very uttermost: And this communication of the Divine Essence and perfections, together with this distinct mode, necessarily and essentially constitute personality. Thus we discover, by demonstration, that there must necessarily be, by the law of the activity, energy, operation, and influence of the Divine Essence and perfections, two distinct, not separate, modes of subsistence in the Divine Essence. And as the Divine Essence is the same in each, and in both these distinct modes of subsistence, it must necessarily partake of each and of both; and as this distinction is in personality, the Essence must necessarily partake of personality from each and from both, and from each and from both alike; for the distinction is in nothing else but personality. Therefore, we discover a third mode of distinct subsistence, or personality, in the Divine Essence; and thus we clearly demonstrate both distinction and union of personality, necessarily and essentially in the Divine Essence, according to its own nature.' pp. 61—64.

'The second person necessarily and essentially arises in the Divine Essence, as well as the first, according to the law already mentioned, each, being co-essential, co-equal, co-eternal, and co-immense, in the Divine Essence; or, according to the foregoing law, which is absolutely necessary to the very existence of the Divine Being, because it is a peculiar perfection of the Divine Essence—the first, being necessarily constituted, consistently with real distinction of personality, by necessarily communicating the whole of the Divine Essence, together with the whole of the divine intelligence and goodness, in all immensity, thereby constitutes the second. Now, it is plain, that the first could communicate no more than the whole of the Divine Essence and perfections, natural and moral; for more there cannot be in the Divine Being: and it could communicate no less, except the Divine Essence were divisible, which is impossible: and it is equally plain, that as the Divine Essence and perfections are distinguished in the first and second persons, and as

the Divine Essence is simple and indivisible, it must partake of this distinction, which is necessary and natural to itself, and if it naturally partake of this distinction, it must do so in personality, for the distinction consists of nothing but personality; and the essence naturally partaking of this distinct personality, or distinct modes of subsistence, a third person must naturally, necessarily, and essentially arise in the Divine Essence.

‘Or, the first and second naturally and necessarily communicating, according to the foregoing law, in one joint, active principle, the whole of the Divine Essence and perfections, together with the whole of the divine intelligence and goodness, in all their immensity, and by this communication naturally and necessarily constituting a third, they could communicate no more: for what can be more than eternity, immensity, and immutability; and they could communicate no less, except the Divine Essence were divisible, which is absolutely impossible.

‘And as *one person* could communicate neither more nor less, and as the *two persons* could communicate neither more nor less, and as this communication, by the two, is in one joint, absolute, active principle, and by this communication the Divine Essence and perfections, subsist distinctly in the third, from that in which they do in each and in both the first two, a final union, if we may so speak, of personality is necessarily, essentially, and naturally established in this third person; and a final or eternal close, or termination, if we may so speak, is put to all farther communication of the Divine Essence and perfections in this third: so that the third could not communicate the Divine Essence and perfections by itself, nor could it join in the very same principle with the two first; that principle being absolutely united in itself, in personality, in the third, all farther communication of the Divine Essence and perfections is for ever sealed, and shut up.’ pp. 136—138.

Such is the mode of reasoning and of writing which runs, in a uniform fulness of current, through 342 pages.

On the kind of argument itself which is here attempted, we shall give our humble opinion, desiring ever to cherish the feelings of reverence and awe toward the sublime mystery of the Holy Trinity, and of the deepest humility in reference to our own powers of intellect and comprehension. It does appear to us that a *probable* and *presumptive* argument, in favour of the doctrine, may be brought from a rational consideration of the Infinite and Essential Intelligence, Activity, and Happiness of the Divine Nature. Such an opinion is not new, as we have before stated; and in the masterly hand of Howe, we see how it might be expressed with equal modesty and advantage. It would, however, require strong powers of abstraction, extreme care and accuracy in the habits of thought, a rigorous precision in the use of terms, and a pure simplicity in the details of expression: and thus it might be stated in a few pages. But when we look at the deplorable

absence from the book before us, of any thing like close and correct reasoning, the intolerable verbosity, the dogmatism, the self-complacency, and the extreme puerility, evident in every page, and the parade with which the most egregious truisms and the most wretched inanities are dealt out,—we are forced to cry : *Non tali auxilio!*—It is impossible to express the injury which is done to the cause of truth, by such pretences of supporting and defending it.

On the Second and Third Parts, which are entitled ‘Views of the Doctrine founded upon Revelation,’—and upon Tradition, we can only say, that to our conceptions, all that is good is borrowed, and all that is not borrowed is ———.

That the reader may judge for himself, we shall cite two short passages, from what have a claim to be regarded as the *more original* portions of the learned Professor’s labours.

‘1. Let us examine the first chapter of Genesis by the rules already laid down. It is said, “In the beginning (אלהים) God” (the Divine Essence subsisting in personality,) “created the heaven and the earth.” Here the Divine Being is revealed in personality, as the Creator of all things; and that personality, we have already proved, consists of three distinct modes of subsistence in the Divine Essence, and neither more nor less than three.—Ver. 2. “And the earth was without form, and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep; and (רוח אלהים) the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters.” It is perfectly plain to the weakest capacity, that the third person in the Divine Essence is expressed, according to the meaning of רוח already given.—Ver. 3. “And (אלהים) God said, There shall be light, and light was.” This is an account of the creation of light by the united counsel, wisdom, and power of the three blessed persons in the Divine Essence. In what follows, the particular part performed by each of the divine persons, is more directly pointed out in the establishment and arrangement of this newly created fluid, so necessary to all parts of creation in our system.—“ (אלהים) God saw the light that it was good.” This is the approbation of the first person in the Divine Essence.—“And (אלהים) God divided the light from the darkness.” This points out the arrangement of the newly created element, by the second person in the Divine Essence.—“And (אלהים) God called the light Day, and the darkness he called Night.” This is the ratification of the will of the first, and the execution of the second, by the third person in the Divine Essence. What harmony and consistency appear in such a view? All is natural—all is plain. And without such a view as this, the language of these verses is full of tautology: the repetition of the same word appears entirely superfluous; and there is nothing like it in ancient or modern writing, either sacred or profane. As the language of divine inspiration, we dare not presume to call it in question, nor yet to explain it in a rash or careless manner. We must, therefore, endeavour to ascertain the mind of the Holy Spirit in this language, though mysterious; and we presume, the very expressions seem to

indicate the view we have taken ; for there is evidently a design in the repetition of the same word so often ; and that design appears no other than to draw the attention of the reader to the mystery of the glorious Trinity : And with this view, all is plain, natural, and intelligible ; and, instead of tautology, the repetition is really necessary to convey the knowledge of the three distinct persons in the Divine Essence, so as to manifest to the intelligent reader this mysterious doctrine in the creation of light.' pp. 416--418.

'As we have heard our Lord speaking concerning the first person in the Divine Essence, whom he expressly mentions as standing related to him in the Divine Essence in the character of the Father, without the least ambiguity or equivocation, we are surely called upon to believe that our Lord does not intend to deceive us : therefore, if we really believe that he ever spake truth on any occasion, we have equal reason to believe that he spake truth on this ; and if he spake truth, it is surely our duty to believe his words in the natural interpretation which they will bear. And if so, we must believe that the Father is a divine person, distinct, though not separate, from the Son ; and that both are equal in essence, and all perfections natural and moral.' p. 450.

It would afford us pleasure to say any thing in mitigation of the censure which our duty compels us to express upon this volume. But we have looked in vain for any points of merit on which commendation might rest, or which might justify the language of encouragement to future and more hopeful efforts. What can we think of the knowledge or accuracy of an Author, who, in displaying his familiarity with celebrated names, brings in the distinguished writer on legislative economy, Mr. Bentham, to figure under the disguise of *Bantum* ; (Pref. p. xvi.) or of his judgement, who can expect his readers to believe that 'Abraham taught Algebra in Egypt ;' (p. 375.) or of his sobriety of intellect, who gravely proposes the establishment of 'a Society for the express purpose of illustrating the doctrine of the Trinity?'—

'We have,' says Professor Kidd, 'Societies established for almost every difficult branch in the arts and sciences. What a pity that the most difficult and interesting of all scientific knowledge, should want a Society for the express purpose of making more researches into it !' Pref. p. xiv.

Art. IV. *Travels in the Ionian Isles, Albania, Thessaly, Macedonia, &c.* during the Years 1812 and 1813. By Henry Holland, M.D. F.R.S. &c. &c. 4to. pp. 550. Price 3l. 3s. Longman and Co. 1815.

FEW of our many vagrant contemporaries have had so large a portion of time allowed them for seeing the foreign varieties of Man and Nature, as the Author of this volume. His first considerable adventure, as far as we recollect any formal notice finding its way to the public, was seven or eight years since, as an associate of Sir G. Mackenzie's voyage to Iceland.

It should seem that his state of peregrination has, with a small interval, been prolonged from that time to this. The preface to this work is dated at Rome, more than two years back; during the greater part of which last period, he is understood to have been in attendance on a distinguished personage, sometimes visiting the most remarkable places of the Mediterranean and the Archipelago, and sometimes residing in the north of Italy.

If a man were to grow up from his childhood under the acknowledged appointment to be, during many years of his life, a wanderer and sojourner in various distant lands, which appointment, nevertheless, should leave it wholly as a matter of judgement and choice what one foreign tract he should visit first, and in what order of succession he should proceed to the others, the determination of this priority and succession would be a concern of much interest, deliberation, and perhaps perplexity. How many considerations, relative to the effect on the destined traveller's mind, both absolutely, and with regard to the impressions to be made by the subsequent scenes, might enter into the questions, for instance, whether he should visit Iceland first, or in what other part of the adjusted succession it should be placed; or whether that region of austere sublimity, and human simplicity and comparative innocence, should be reserved for the last stage of his observant and contemplative wanderings, to make on his imagination, his taste, and the general mental cast and disposition, a final impression of solemnity and moral simplicity, to crown, or to harmonise, or to modify, or in part to obliterate, the effects produced upon him by the preceding diversity of scenes. In some small degree, at least, it may be presumed, the appropriate effects of each given scene on a susceptible and cultivated mind, might be anticipated, together with some probable calculation of the manner in which these effects would combine, or would modify one another, accordingly as they were brought on the mind in one sequence or in another. Some one general plan might therefore be adopted in preference to every other adjustment in the order of the places in the intended course.

The present Traveller may probably have owed the direction of his career, from its outset downwards, very little to any such calculations. But we should like much to hear him say whether he is pleased that such a place as Iceland happened to be the first foreign scene of his erratic survey,—whether he would not rather have still had it to look forward to,—and what he may, in his subsequent adventures, have perceived to have been the effect, as toward other scenes, of his mind having been pre-occupied by that most impressive one, probably, of all that he has yet beheld.

But the effect has not, at any rate, been to render him an in-

sensible or unobservant spectator of any of the very numerous varieties that have come within his view. And should he (no improbable event, we suppose) come forward with narrative descriptions of what the world has exhibited to him in his still later traverses of it, we can have no apprehension of his being found to have lost any thing of the vigilance of his attention, or much of his interest for whatever is remarkable or important in the human economy, or beautiful, or strange, or magnificent, in Nature;—an interest we do not say partaking strongly of the poetical or enthusiastic,—but which, though of a calmer tone, is sustained in the writer by so advantageous a combination of taste, intelligence, and knowledge, that it draws the reader on with vivacity in some parts, and without sense of weariness in all, notwithstanding he may think that in some few places somewhat less minuteness of detail might have sufficed.

Previously to the regular and fully detailed itinerary, we have a few brief passing notices of the Author's visit to the stations of the English army in Portugal, where he greatly admired the economy of the military hospitals; of his touching at Sardinia, the inhabitants and the government of which all the changes, and whatever may be acknowledged as improvements, in the rest of Europe, have left in a state of utter barbarism; and of an excursion or two he made in Sicily, where he ascended the summit of *Ætna*; of which, says he,

‘While refraining from all description, I cannot omit to notice the impression I derived from the singular contrast between the smiling and luxuriant surface of the lower region of *Ætna*, and of the picture I still had in my mind of the broken, wild, and desolate aspect of the volcanic country of Iceland. Nor can I refrain from mentioning the monument which the English have left of their residence in Sicily, in a small house built for the accommodation of travellers, just below the upper cone of *Ætna*, at the height of nearly 9000 feet above the level of the sea. The building in itself is not magnificent, but in its situation and design it is worthy of a great cultivated people; and the name of the *Casa Inglesa* may long be matter of national pride to future travellers in this country.’

The Ionian Isles occupy about fifty pages; and though they are of no great importance, a description which so well combines the natural aspects and phenomena and the moral condition, with classical recollections, is read with considerable interest. Zante, the antient Zacynthus, was the first at which our Author landed. Its inhabitants are reckoned at 40,000, of whom nearly half reside in the city of the same name, though the circumference of the island is nearly sixty miles, and its scenery such that Dr. H. says, ‘it is probable that there are few spots in the world possessing a more entire and finished beauty than the little island of Zante.’ Excepting those of Nature, the island has

few antiquities, a denomination which may fairly be given, as our Author says, to the petroleum-wells, of which the 'appearance corresponds well to the description of Herodotus.' Few tracts of the earth are more subject to earthquakes, 'it being not a rare occurrence,' says Dr. H. 'to have two or three in the month; and I am informed that in the summer of 1811, for thirty or forty successive days it was usual to experience several shocks each day.' Of course they are not often violent, or the isle would be uninhabitable. In many of the instances it suffers only as if by a smart shock of electricity, into the operations of which power, indeed, Dr. H. suggests the possibility of resolving the phenomena of earthquakes. The chief natural production and export of the island, is currants, of which, on an average of years, upwards of 7,000,000 lbs. are gathered in in the beginning of September, nearly two thirds of the cultivated portion of the island being covered with the vines producing this fruit.

The moral character and social state of the population of this and the other islands, are a corrupt compost of the Greek and Venetian qualities, consequent on the long domination exercised over them in the most depraved and mischievous form of administration by the government of Venice. The state of both morals and government, may be imagined from the fact, as stated by our Author on what he pronounces unquestionable authority, that sometimes the number of assassinations in the course of a year, in Zante alone, has equalled the number of the days. The English occupation appeared to have considerably mended the matter, in the short space of time during which its effect had been tried, previously to the period of Dr. H.'s visit. But the ignorance of the barbarous ages, remaining almost entire among the mass of the people, will allow but a miserably small progress to any manner of beneficial alteration, excepting what the mere force of the government can accomplish,—should even that force be always exactly so directed.

As to religion, it is very remarkable that the superstitions of the Greek Church should have retained a decided ascendancy, in defiance of all the power, and all other influences, so long exerted, of a government bigoted to an inimical superstition.

The Author visited Cephalonia, Ithaca, and Santa Maura, the first of which is the largest of the Seven Isles. Its inhabitants are less wealthy than those of Zante, and more enterprising: they have acquired an acknowledged superiority over the other people of the Levant, by their quickness and activity.

* The young men of the island, wherever means can be afforded, are sent to Italy, generally with the view of studying law or physic, the professions to which they principally attach themselves. Only a certain number return to settle in Cephalonia; the remainder either pro-

curing situations in Italy, or migrating to various parts of the Levant for the purpose of seeking employment. Medicine is on the whole the favourite object of pursuit; and it is probable that from no equal amount of population in the world, are so many physicians produced as from that upon the small isle of Cephalonia. There is scarcely a large town in European Turkey, where one or more Cephaloniotes may not be found engaged in medical practice, and pursuing their fortunes with an assiduity which is generally successful, as far as circumstances render it possible.'

Ithaca, (so denominated by the natives at this day,) has the most of what retains hold of the reader's, and perhaps the actual inspector's observation, in the rugged and peculiar aspect of its little territory, in the ruins and tombs indicating the site of an ancient city, and in that force of association it possesses in virtue of Homer and Ulysses.

It must, as the Traveller says, have been curious and striking to a literary stranger from the west of Europe, to hear the Greek language, even in its modern deteriorated form, sounding about him in the streets.

'I was interested, in walking through the streets of Vathi, by the spectacle of an Ithacan school; the preceptor, or *Didaskalos*, a venerable old man, with a long beard, who sat before the door, giving instruction to a circle of fifteen or twenty boys, each with a modern Greek version of the New Testament in his hand. It was amusing to hear sounds familiar to the ear from the Greek of Homer and Thucydides, shouted out by ragged striplings, many of them not more than seven or eight years of age. The old schoolmaster was pleased with the attention given to himself and his scholars.'

Dr. H. bears testimony to the accuracy and completeness of Sir W. Gell's work on the topography of this island.

At Prevesa, on the strait which opens into the Ambracian Gulf, now the Gulf of Arta, he first touched the dominions of the redoubtable Vizier of Albania, Ali Pasha, the desire of seeing whom had prevailed to change the original plan of the Grecian tour. A recently built, and very large palace or seraglio, shewed how absolute that tyrant considered his appropriation of the territory to be; and the systematic cruelty with which he had oppressed and almost extirpated the formerly very numerous and industrious Greek population of the town, substituting for them his own favoured race, the Albanian savages, evinced how very lightly he estimated the right to live, in any kind of human beings not the most precisely available for his purposes.

After describing the costume and martial appearance of the Albanians, Dr. H. notices the powerful novelty of impression on a stranger, on entering the territory of the True Believers.

though in a town like Prevesa, where some Greck and Venetian traces may still be recognised.

‘The appearance of the Turk on his native soil, was another new circumstance in the streets of Prevesa.’ ‘Elsewhere you do but see the various forms of one species; a difference indeed of language; but only small and progressive varieties of figure, custom, and dress. But entering upon these regions the scene is suddenly shifted, and you have before your eyes a new species of beings, with all those gaudy appendages of oriental character and scenery which have so long delighted the imagination in the tales of the East. The uniform habits of the Turk, derived from his religion and other circumstances, render this change almost as remarkable in the first Turkish town you may enter, as in those much further removed from the vicinity of the European nations.’—‘I looked upon many things as a sort of magic-lantern scenery; or as something intermediate between the pictures of fancy and the realities passing before me. As an instance of this, my memory refers me to the first sight of a Turkish mosque, lately erected at Prevesa; to the cry of the Muzzein from the top of the minaret, announcing the hour of prayer; and to the spectacle of the turbaned Turk, graceful and dignified in his dress, and with a certain majestic sedateness of movement, putting aside his slippers, and slowly entering the place of religious worship. For a moment you might forget the ignorance and prejudice of this man, and fancy him worthy and born to command.’

Observations respecting the precise locality of the battle of Actium, and an examination of the extensive ruins of Nicopolis, built by Augustus in commemoration of his victory, preceded the expedition to Ioannina, the capital of the Vizier. On the road the traveller met ‘a community of migrating shepherds, a wandering people of the mountains of Albania, who in the summer feed their flocks in these hilly regions, and in the winter spread themselves over the plains’ on the coast. The description of these summer frequenters of the sides and heights of Pindus, affords a wild and striking picture, little as it may tend to recall any of the beautiful images of the classical witcheries. The females, with little pretensions to any thing characteristic of the Muses, displayed, however, a kind of decoration of the head, which might, in a great majority of judgements, in any country, be confidently matched for attraction, against the tresses of any of those ethereal nymphs.

‘Almost all the young women and children wore upon the head a sort of chaplet, composed of piastres, paras, and other silver coins, strung together, and often suspended in successive rows, so as to form something like a cap. The same coins were attached to other parts of the garments, and occasionally with some degree of taste.’

It was not till an approach to within little more than two miles of the spot where one strong, dark, remorseless spirit was holding, humanly speaking, within its own secret will, the fate of

each one of all the human beings over an extensive region, that the city, with the most romantic tract in which it stands, opened suddenly to the traveller's view; 'a magnificent scene,' he says, 'and one that is still almost single in my recollection.' 'Both the reality and the fancy combine in giving to the scenery the character of a vast and beautiful picture spread out before the sight.' The description is excellent, but too long to be transcribed. As contrasted, however, with this magnificence of the comprehensive view, the appearance of the town, to the person actually entering the streets, was much like coming up and finding merely the smoking ashes and embers of what has been seen at a distance as a splendid fire.

The traveller was very soon well lodged in the house of 'Michael Metzrou, one of the wealthiest and most respectable Greek inhabitants of Ioannina.' 'The custom of the East,' says Dr. H. 'excludes the Frank from entering as a guest the house of a disciple of Mahomet. All the direct offices of hospitality in Turkey devolve, either from inclination or necessity, upon the Greek inhabitants of the country.' And these offices are generally performed with civility, and often with kindness. It is not to be made a serious complaint that they are apt to shew an inconvenient degree of curiosity. 'At a Greek house at Arta, where the Author lodged on the way to the capital, and where the good family did their best to render their habitation as commodious to the visitants as possible, 'they not only,' says he, 'were determined to satisfy their own eyes, but also to fulfil the duties of friendship, in bringing all their acquaintance to witness the spectacle of our sitting, eating, writing, and going to bed. The Turk would be too haughty, or too indolent, to shew this species of curiosity.' The family of Metzrou, however, was of a much higher style of cultivation and manners.

We dare say no novelties of the place beguiled for an instant from our Author's mind the consciousness of how near he now was to a person of whom it was not permitted to any one so near him to think without emotion. Nor would even the loquacity of the Greeks much tend to such a beguilement; for it would not be long before the stranger entertained by them, would perceive something of that of which, he says, there were many striking instances among the Greek families,—'a sort of undefined terror ever hanging over them, a perpetual sense of insecurity, and a fearfulness of committing even to the walls the sound of the voice, on any subject connected with their despotic master.'

Even to his subjects in general he is described as being 'individually an object of almost mysterious dread: every class of them regarded his name and mandate with a mysterious awe.'

Our Author employs the policy of conducting us to the den and the sight of this extraordinary animal, through a long

avenue,—that is, by a previous geographical and historical detail, through which we might have advanced with a slight degree of impatience, if Mr. Hobhouse had not already made us considerably acquainted with the Vizier of Albania. It is acknowledged, however, to be quite impossible to make out any thing the most distantly approaching to a complete historical elucidation of his progress to a state of power which, had he been at this time twenty years younger, there would be nothing extravagant in anticipating that he might extend to the usurpation or overthrow of that Empire of which he is nominally, and only nominally, a vassal.

‘ Few written records exist of these events, and the tales and songs of the country are at present almost the only sources from which to obtain a knowledge of his early life and fortunes. His vengeance has indeed affixed melancholy memorials to some incidents of his past history, but the connexion of occurrences is obscure, and his own policy has probably led to the concealment of many of the means which have most aided his progress. The only narrative, as far as I know, which has been composed of his history, is a poem of eight cantos, written by an Albanian in rude and untutored Romaic verse. This poem, which professes the Epic style, is yet in manuscript; but it has received the approbation and license of the Vizier, and directions have been given for its publication at the press of Vienna.

‘ His dominion has been derived, not from any transient effort of revolution, but from a slow and persevering system of aggrandizement, and a policy compounded of caution and enterprize, which has given pretence to usurpation, and permanence to conquest. While preserving, without any serious interruption, the appearances of amity with the Porte, while subsidising her armies with his warlike Albanians, and her coffers with his treasures; he has by degrees become more formidable to the integrity of the Turkish empire than those who have insulted the gates of Constantinople with their armies, or hurled the reigning Sultan from his throne.’

The nature and relative situation of the country where he has raised his independent power, were highly favourable to his design; and still more to the character of the people by means of whom he has achieved it; a race, indeed, far more efficient for such a purpose than any other nation within the Turkish empire. The Albanians Dr. H. considers as unquestionably the genuine descendants of the ancient Illyrians, and ‘ with fewer changes perhaps in their situation and habits of life ‘ than almost any other community in Europe.’ They constitute the central, the most favoured, and the most energetic portion of the Vizier's subjects. In point of ferocity they are themselves worthy of such a master, and their courage readily and vigorously abets his ambition to subject the population of other tracts to his yoke. Our Author recounts the most memorable of the perils, exploits and successes in his career from his childhood;

and endeavours to trace the outline of his dominion, which comprises a territory of about the dimensions of Scotland, and containing, according to a confessedly very loose and uncertain computation, about a corresponding number of people, or 2,000,000. His system of taxation is of an irregular structure, and operates in somewhat different modes, and with different force, in different parts of his dominions; but nowhere is it idle; it is kept in action as constantly as any power of nature; and, worked by so strong a hand under so keen an eye, it has results which the best-schooled financiers on this side of Europe may very well envy; for, besides supplying the wherewithal for just and necessary wars, and for subsidies to the Grand Turk, and for a great deal of secret service into the bargain, at Constantinople, it is known to have enabled this active spender to amass ponderous hoards of treasure in his strong castles. For enjoying the full value of his revenue, he has a grand advantage in the unqualified absoluteness of his power, as he is not obliged to spend a material portion of it in corrupting to a subserviency to his will and schemes any political institutions or depositaries of power in the same country appointed to control him. He has, it is true, to expend considerable sums in management at the imperial court of Constantinople; but this, instead of being the purchase of the obsequiousness of a rival lawful authority within his country, is the price of a kind of practical independence for the country itself, with all it contains, on what is now, in fact, a foreign state, though maintaining the claim of supreme authority in Albania. And of this secret service money it is confidently believed that not an ounce is *lavished*; the appropriation is accurately apportioned and exquisitely applied to the grand objects; all the entrusted agents know the value and tenure of their own heads, and the capacity of that of their Chief. Under such a positive and relative state of heads, it is marvellous to think how far money will go. We wish the Vizier would have shewn our Author the accounts of what it costs him to maintain such a system of intelligence that, says Dr. H. 'it may, I believe, be affirmed as a fact, that not a single event of importance can occur at Constantinople, even in the most secret recesses of the Divan, which is not known within eight days at the Seraglio of Ioannina.'

'His agents or spies are to be found everywhere in the Turkish empire, doing the work of their master with a degree of zeal which testifies at once his own talent in their selection, and the commanding influence of his powers over the minds of all that surround him. His political information derived from these sources, and from the atonle use of bribery, is of the best kind.'

Intelligent and inquisitive Greeks, several of whom spoke various continental languages, were instantly at the Englishmen's

levee;* among them Colovo, the secretary of Ali Pasha, who came to signify that his master would expect them next morning. White horses superbly caparisoned, and with Albanian attendants, were sent for them, and in great style they proceeded to the Seraglio, an extensive irregular wooden superstructure upon high massive stone walls; with a profusion of painting on the outside, as it appears, of some of the buildings; and with a great area occupied by soldiers and horses, and exhibiting a highly picturesque scene of what our Author rightly denominates 'almost savage pomp.' Through galleries and apartments of superb decoration they were conducted into the saloon of the Master of this and every other house in Albania.

'The interior decorations of the apartment exhibited much of gaudy profusion. The prevailing colours, as well of the painted walls and ceiling, as of the furniture, were crimson, blue, and yellow; the latter colour chiefly derived from the massy and profuse gilding, which was spread over every part of the room. The ceiling was divided into squares by wood-work very curiously and delicately carved; the interior of each square was of crimson colour, the borders of gold, pilastres, at equal distances, and richly ornamented, but without any regular order of architecture, gave variety to the walls of the apartment. On these pilastres, and in niches intermediate to them, were hung sabres, daggers, and pistols; all of the finest workmanship, and profusely adorned with gold and jewels.'

And the description proceeds some length further. But the observation of all these matters was not, as might well have been guessed even if the Author had not expressly said so, thus minutely made at the first visit to this apartment: for there was presented to their sight Ali,

'—sitting in the Turkish manner, with his legs crossed under him, on a couch immediately before the fire. On his head he wore a high round cap, the colour of the deepest mazareen blue, and bordered with gold lace. His exterior robe was of yellow cloth, likewise richly embroidered, two inner garments striped of various colours, and flowing down loosely from the neck to the feet; confined only about the waist by an embroidered belt, in which were fixed a pistol and dagger of beautiful and delicate workmanship. The hilts of these arms were covered with diamonds and pearls, and emeralds of great size and beauty were set in the head of each. On his fingers the Vizier wore many large diamond rings, and the mouth-piece of his long and flexible pipe was equally decorated with various kinds of jewellery.

'Yet more than his dress, however, the countenance of Ali Pasha engaged at this time our earnest observation. It is difficult to describe features, either in their detail or general effect, so as to convey any distinct impression to the mind of the reader. Were I to attempt a

* The Author was accompanied through a great part of his travels by J. Ramsay, Esq. of Messina.

description of those of Ali, I should speak of his face as large and full; the forehead remarkably broad and open, and traced by many deep furrows; the eye penetrating, yet not expressive of ferocity; the nose handsome and well formed; the mouth and lower part of the face concealed except when speaking, by his mustachoes and the long beard which flows over his breast. His complexion is somewhat lighter than that usual among the Turks, and his general appearance does not indicate more than his actual age, of sixty, or sixty-one years, except perhaps that his beard is whiter than is customary at this time of life. The neck is short and thick, the figure corpulent and unwieldy; the stature I had afterwards the means of ascertaining to be about five feet nine inches. The general character and expression of the countenance are unquestionably fine, and the forehead especially is a striking and majestic feature. Much of the talent of the man may be inferred from his exterior; the moral qualities, however, may not equally be determined in this way; and to the casual observation of a stranger, I can conceive from my own experience, that nothing may appear but what is open, placid, and alluring. Opportunities were afterwards afforded me of looking beneath this exterior of expression; it is the fire of a stove, burning fiercely under a smooth and polished surface.'

Dr. H. had so many interviews as to become in a considerable degree easy and familiar with the formidable autocrat. Several conversations are related, in which the man of power displayed his inquisitiveness, and evinced his sagacity. In his inquiries he appears to have been above the petty pride of a man solicitous not to betray his ignorance. He felt, probably, that he could *afford* to betray whatever ignorance was inseparable from the condition of such a life, in such a part of the world, as his had been; and that this deficiency, the result of circumstances, could detract little from the commanding effect of the talents of which every thing around him and in the country gave so palpable and practical a manifestation. Besides, when the state of nations and the policy and projects of governments were the subject, he had the gratification of being perfectly aware that with respect to the eastern side of Europe he was incomparably better informed than the most accomplished strangers from the west. Nor does it appear, from any thing related, that he felt it at all necessary, to the complacency of his pride, to prove that he possessed such knowledge by communicating it. At least our Author has not repeated any particulars of the secret history of the eastern cabinets, from his privileged converse with this most knowing politician, who judges with the utmost precision how much it is proper for any one that approaches him to know of what he himself knows, and can for the most part prevent their learning any more than that apportioned quantum.

More, however, of some kinds of information than perhaps he could have wished he was compelled to confide to Dr. H., whom

he consulted largely, minutely, and repeatedly, in his capacity of physician; but the reader will in this affair approve the Doctor's having maintained the silent proprieties of the professional character; as he also does in a later part of the book, respecting the nature of his medical services to Veli Pasha, the Vizier's son. A very high estimate of his skill, and of the importance of his advice, was evidently entertained by both these personages; Ali repeatedly and urgently pressed him to accept the high trust and honour of permanent guardian of his health. With regard to the fees and emoluments also, the Doctor is so silent, that we have strong suspicions he had perhaps some little cause to make unfavourable comparisons between the professional rewards enjoyed at the Albanian and at some other courts. We say this, however, as a mere surmise, somewhat strengthened, indeed, by our finding avarice among the enumerated qualities of Ali's character. But it is proper to observe that the traveller received what was to him equivalent to a very considerable remuneration, though it cost but little to the givers, in those facilities and that security which the exerted will and authority of Ali and his son, especially the former, afforded to the *djowar* in his extensive traverse of tracts under the tyranny of the Moslems. It may be noticed too, that a very large reward was promised if the Englishman would stay but one year in attendance on the Vizier; which proposal was declined, though it was pressed in strong terms, with an assurance that every thing should be done during this period to render the residence agreeable.

'All this,' says Dr. H. 'was expressed with a courteous and winning manner, which he has an eminent faculty in employing, whenever he thinks it needful for the attainment of his object. As I continued steady in declining his proposal, he expressed some surprise, and said he supposed I must have much money in England, that I cared so little about any offers he could make me. His manner giving me the idea that he was hurt by my refusal, I qualified it by promising that I would return to Ioannina, if he desired it, after I had visited Athens, and certain other parts of Greece. He caught hold of this proposal at once; adding, that at present he was satisfied with obtaining this, and that he should depend on my truth for the fulfilment of the promise.'

Toward the conclusion of our Author's sojourn, his attendance was invited almost every day at the Seraglio, sometimes for medical consultation, sometimes to satisfy the Vizier on whatever subject his curiosity might prompt his inquiries. What he said was translated by the confidential and accomplished Greek secretary, Colovo, into Italian, in which the Doctor spoke, not having a colloquial command of the Romaic, though he could tolerably understand what he heard in it. The inquiries comprehended various matters of European politics, and reached as far

as America. Ali asked respecting the then not terminated Russian campaign of Bounaparte; but from his manner the respondent could perceive that he did not want information, and that the triumphant progress of the French, as apparently evinced by their entrance into Moscow, caused him very serious disquietude. But there were topics, one especially, which seemed to act upon him with a nearer interest than even that of politics. It was apparent that he had not been able to escape the hunting of that spectre which points more to the limits of their favourite pursuits. His inquiries respecting America touched pointedly on the length of human life there, 'to which point,' says Dr. H. 'I observed him always to attach a peculiar interest.'

'He remarked that the Indians and Chinese live to a great age, and asked whether I knew this to be the case, or was acquainted with any particular means they used for the purpose. Seeing him inclined to follow this topic, I stated the remarkable instances of longevity in our own countrymen, Parr and Jenkins, at which he expressed surprise, and much desire to know if there were any means in nature by which this end might be obtained. It was evident that in this question he had reference to himself; and I took the opportunity of enforcing upon him some of the medical advice I had before given. He gave assent to what I said; but at the same time pursued the question, whether there were not some more direct means of procuring long life. I mentioned to him generally the attempts which had been made some centuries ago, to discover the Elixir Vitæ; and stated that this was a project which had been abandoned by all men of reflection. Alluding accidentally, at the same time, to the search after the philosopher's stone, he eagerly followed this subject, and wished to know whether there were not some secret methods of discovering gold, which gave their possessor the power of procuring any amount of this metal. There was a strong and significant interest in his manner of asking this question, which greatly struck me; and it was accompanied by a look towards myself, seeming to search into the truth of my reply. I answered, of course, that there were no means of making gold or silver; that these metals were obtained only from the earth; and that the advantage of philosophy was in being able to employ the best means of raising them from the mines, &c. &c. I doubt whether he was satisfied with this reply, or did not still believe in mysteries of the alchemic art.'

A comparative freedom from Turkish prejudices is an obvious distinction of this barbarian. 'I have seldom,' says our Author, 'known a Turk allow superiority to Europeans, even in points in which the national deficiency on his own side was most notorious. This temper I never observed in Ali Pasha; but on the other hand, a sense and concession of inferiority, with a constant seeking after information which might enable him to remedy the deficiencies under which he laboured.' He allows,

however, that the Vizier's inquiries had more reference to the means of power than utility. Any reported improvement in the construction of the implements of war excited his utmost cupidity. He has quite a passion for weapons of all sorts, and they are found in profusion, and many of them of curious construction and beautiful decoration, in every part of the Seraglio to which the Doctor was admitted.

His will is not only the supreme but the sole law in his dominions; and he imposes on himself the onerous duty of legislating and judging in each individual case of the innumerable petitions brought before him. When our Author saw him in the exercise of this office, his manner indicated the closest attention to the business, and a rapid and decisive judgement. If he is described as the grand actuating and controlling principle in all his subjects, it must be understood that he actuates them not merely in the mass, but almost individually; no other potentate, probably, having a direct personal knowledge of so many of the units that compose his collective myriads and millions.

'The disposition to manage personally all his affairs, is a striking feature in the character of Ali Pasha, and influences all the concerns of his government. From it is derived that unity of system which extends through his dominions, which renders him individually an object of almost mysterious dread to his subjects, and makes his power formidable to his neighbours, and to the integrity of the Turkish empire. His ministers are such in the humblest sense of the word. In his relation with the great powers of Europe it does not appear that he depends on any counsel but his own; and in the internal concerns of the country, it seems as if there were no will, impulse, or action, but from him. The physician Metaxa well illustrated this by saying that there was a cord tied round every individual in his dominions, longer or shorter, more or less fine; but every one of which cords went to him, and was held in his hand. He added, what I knew from my own observation to be true, that the rudest peasant of Albania, or the meanest page in his Seraglio, would better obtain either favours or justice, by coming directly to Ali Pasha himself, than through any circuitous channel of ministers or favourites.

'It may further be noticed, that not an individual about him knows equally well as Ali, all the localities of his dominions, the habits, or even persons, of his subjects, and the other circumstances which are important to the execution of justice. Almost every Albanian has been in his presence, either as a soldier, or in some other capacity; and there are few of mature age whose names or persons do not come within his recollection.'

'The daily and indefatigable assiduity with which he works through his complicated mass of business, corresponds well to the ambitious courage with which he takes it upon him. 'He rises commonly before six, and his officers and secretaries are ex-

pected to be with him at this hour ;' and as late as nine in the evening Dr. Holland sometimes found him with several secretaries on the ground before him, and listening to the details of their respective departments

Notwithstanding his severe and systematic exertion, and notwithstanding what might be supposed to be the right policy for the effect of over-awing the popular mind, 'he frequently descends to a sort of convivial intercourse with the Greeks as well as Turks of his capital, and accepts of invitations to dinner, or evening entertainments, when these are proffered to him.' He brings with him some of his ministers, and the master of the house invites as many as he pleases of his own friends. He has so little of the stupid intolerance common to Mahomedans, that, says Dr. H. 'in regarding those around him, his consideration obviously is, not the religion of the man, but whether he can be of service to any of his views.'

'I have seen a Christian, a Turkish, and a Jewish secretary, sitting on the ground before him at the same moment, an instance of the principle that is carried throughout every branch of his government. In Albania especially, the Christian and Mussulman population are virtually on the same footing as to political liberty; all indeed slaves, but the former not oppressed, as elsewhere in Turkey, by those subordinate agencies of tyranny which render more grating the chain that binds them. It may fairly be said that under this government all religions find an ample toleration.'

Every reader will coincide with Dr. H. in his judgement, that on the whole the government of Ali, stern, inquisitorial, and severe as it is, is nevertheless a very great advantage to the country, as contrasted with the state of robbery, of divided and conflicting tyrannies, and of utter barbarous confusion, from which his strong hand has rescued it; and holds it, but without the slightest particle of disinterested care for the welfare of the people for their own sake. His scheming mind seems to have thought very little of any plans for the radical improvement of the tribes he has coerced into the form of a state. They are welcome to all the rudeness, ignorance, and ferocity, that may comport with a religious performance of their tributary and military duty towards His Highness. There is no cultivating, moralizing process, to give a chance, that after his demise, any corrected sense of self-interest, any love of peace, any progress in quiet and useful arts, will retain in order the unmodified, uncombined materials of his body politic. The prevention of a relapse into a barbarous anarchy, must depend on the strength of the mind that is to become the central and pervading power, when that which now reigns shall become extinct. And since there can be no such thing as a much prolonged succession of such vigorous spirits, such of Ali's savages as hate the yoke

under which they bend, may at least anticipate for their posterity, that the happy times of lawless adventure will yet return; though it is possible the acknowledged bravery of one of his elder sons, or the policy of the other, may in the first instance maintain the domination which he has established——if indeed they do not (a very possible case) set themselves in haste to destroy it, in a rivalry and conflict of ambition.

We hardly need say that Dr. H.'s moral estimate of this extraordinary personage is bad, in many points emphatically so. He is capable of the most atrocious cruelty, and of a long-cherished coolly-matured revenge, a revenge which can wreak itself in destruction on the most innocent relatives and connexions of the offender. Nor is any son of Belial capable of working with a deeper artifice and treachery.

‘Whatever be the external testimony of the moment, no man feels secure beneath his power; or even it may be said, what I know from my own observation, that an unusual fairness of aspect is often the source of the greatest terror to those concerned. To cozen with a form of fair words seems at once the habit and delight of the man. It is said to be a principle with him never to allow any one to go discontented from his presence, and I have heard, in illustration of this, that it is not uncommon for him to adopt a peculiar kindness of manner to those whom he has determined to sacrifice; the unhappy victim quits him, satisfied and secure, and a few minutes after his head is severed from his body. With the same temper of mind, and with the same artifice of manner, he is enabled often to allure into his power, those of his enemies, who, for the moment, have escaped his vengeance. In such cases, no pledge arrests his hand, or can save the offender from destruction.’

Ali's proposal and request that our Author would direct his route through Thessaly, in order that Veli Pasha, his son, might have the benefit of his medical advice, fell in sufficiently with his own inclinations to induce his compliance, though he must encounter the wintry rigours of part of the ridge of Pindus, the snowy splendours of which he had often admired as the grandest part of the picturesque panorama of Ioannina. The route did not lie over the most elevated part of the range; nor was there, though the time was rather too late in the year, any really formidable degree of danger. Yet tracts so rugged and wild, ascents so laborious, and a temperature, in the highest region, so inclement, were enough to constitute the journey an enterprise. There were, however, most romantic and sublime scenes to repay the toil; and whatever was possible in the way of facilities and accommodation, was certain not to be wanting to friends of Ali, who sent with the travellers a trusty and most efficient Tartar conductor and purveyor, armed with a peremptory mandate to all local magistrates and officers, not to fail, at their peril, in any proper attention to the English *Milordoi*, a term of

which the sound is not more curious than the appearance as set forth in Greek characters. We transcribe the description of the most elevated and difficult stage of this alpine track.

‘It seemed as if the further progress of the ascent were utterly impracticable, and we looked upwards with astonishment at an impending promontory of rock, which at this time was nearly 1000 feet above us, but which the Tartar explained to be one point in our route to the summit of the mountain. Our ascent thither was rendered possible only by long detours, to avoid the numerous precipices which appeared on each side of our track; yet notwithstanding the circuitous direction of the road, the declivity was such, that we had much difficulty in urging our horses to continue their progress. In winter this part of the passage of the mountain is often wholly impracticable; and even when there is only a small quantity of snow on the ridge, the ascent becomes so dangerous that guides are necessary to the security of the traveller. A violent wind is almost equally dreaded in traversing these lofty regions: sweeping through the deep hollows and recesses of the mountain, it forms whirlwinds so strong and impetuous, that the passage, even if possible, becomes extremely dangerous. We were fortunate in avoiding both these difficulties.’

The summit is so perfectly marked, that the ridge is finished in an edge ‘scarcely a yard in width; and the same wedge-like form of this vast mountain-chain appears to be continued far toward the north.’ From the lofty desolation of this line of rock, where, says the Dr. ‘the inspiration of Apollo and the Muses, the deities of Pindus, must be powerful indeed which could produce a stanza on a winter’s day, though the view hence might well suggest the subject of a thousand,’ he descended into the beautiful valley of the Salympria, the ancient Peneus; which soon brought him to one of the most remarkable spectacles seen in all his peregrinations, the rocks of Meteora, surmounted with monasteries. The description is considerably in detail, and in a very high degree interesting. A number of rocks, insulated and perpendicular, standing up like towers or enormous columns, of the height of from one to three hundred feet, sustain on their summits, ancient monastic structures, built, in some of the instances, to the very edge of the crown of the rock, so that the wall carries upward, so to speak, the continuity of the face of rock.

‘Four of the monasteries actually occupy the whole summit of the insulated rocks on which they stand; a perpendicular precipice descending from every side of the buildings into the deep-wooded hollows. The only access to these aerial prisons is by ropes, or by ladders firmly fixed to the rock, in those places where its surface affords any points of suspension; and these ladders, in some instances, connected with artificial subterranean tunnels, which give a passage of easier ascent to the buildings above. The monastery, called by distinction, the Meteora, which is the largest of the number, stands

in the remarkable situation just described, and is accessible only in this method. Still more extraordinary is the position of another of these buildings. It is situated on a narrow rectangular pillar of rock, apparently about 120 feet in height; the summit of which is so limited in extent, that the walls of the monastery seem on every side to have the same plane of elevation as the perpendicular faces of the rock.'

'The number of monasteries at Meteora, is said to have been formerly twenty-four; but at present, owing partly to the wearing away of the rocks on which they stood, partly to the decay of the buildings themselves, only ten of these remain. Aios Stephanos, which we visited, is among the most extraordinary of the number; its height is upwards of 180 feet.'

After describing the peculiar and most striking scene formed by this group, or grove, of aspiring and convent-crowned rocks, as combined with the various openings to the sublime distant landscape, he comes to the story of his apotheosis, of which we should be glad to transcribe a larger portion than our limits can fairly admit.

'A small wooden shed projected beyond the plane of the cliff, from which a rope, passing over a pulley at the top, descended to the foot of the rock. Our Tartar shouted loudly to a man who looked down, ordering him to receive us into the monastery; but at this time the monks were engaged in their chapel, and it was ten minutes before we could receive an answer to his order, and our request. At length we saw a thicker rope coming down from the pulley, and attached to the end of it a small rope net. The net reached the ground; our Tartar and a peasant spread it open, covered the lower part with an Albanese capote, and my friend and I seated ourselves upon this slender vehicle. As we began to ascend, our weight drew close the upper aperture of the net, and we lay crouching together, scarcely able, and little willing, to stir either hand or foot. We rose with considerable rapidity; and the projection of the shed and pulley beyond the line of the cliff, was sufficient to secure against injury by striking upon the rock. Yet the ascent had something in it that was formidable, and the impression it made was very different from that of the descent into a mine, where the depth is not seen. Here we were absolutely suspended in the air, our only support was the thin cordage of a net, and we were even ignorant of the machinery, whether secure or not which was thus drawing us rapidly upwards. We finished the ascent, however, which is 156 feet, in safety, and in less than three minutes. When opposite the door of the wooden shed, several monks and other people appeared, who dragged the net into the apartment, and released us. We found, on looking round us, that these men had been employed in working the windlass; and in observing some of their feeble and decayed figures, it was impossible to suppose that the danger of our ascent had been one of appearance alone. Our servant Demetrius, meanwhile, had been making a still more difficult progress upwards, by ladders fitted to the ledges of the rock, conducting to a subterranean passage, which opens out in the middle of the monastery.'

‘The monks received us with civility, and we remained with them more than an hour in their extraordinary habitation. The buildings are spread irregularly over the whole summit of the rock, enclosing two or three small areas: they have no splendour, either external or internal, and exhibit but the appearances of wretchedness and decay. Nevertheless the monks conducted us through every one of their dark and dilapidated rooms, and seemed to require a tribute of admiration, which, though little due to the objects for which it is sought, might conscientiously be given to the magnificent natural scenery around and beneath their monastery.’

The two terrestrial visitants were led to each edge of the platform of this seclusion from the earth; some of the eatable products of which earth, however, they saw drawn up by the same pulley which had brought themselves there. And they made a hasty repast of ‘rice cooked in oil; a Turkish dish composed of flour, eggs, and oil; bread, and thin wine.’ There were only five monks, with a few attendants, resident at that time in the monastery; ‘all of them miserable,’ says Dr. H. ‘in their exterior, and with conceptions as narrow and confined as the rocks on which they live.’ They were quite ignorant of the age of the foundation of their edifice, and appeared to possess no books of the smallest value. Their almost inaccessible situation has not availed them against the Albanian soldiers, who have often plundered the village and valleys below, where lies their little property, and whence their supplies are furnished, and sometimes compelled an admission for the same purpose into the monasteries themselves.

At Larissa, the Author was handsomely entertained, and carefully consulted by Veli Pasha, and delighted with the society of Velara, a deeply learned and eminently intelligent and philosophic Greek physician. Under promise of returning to Larissa, he made an excursion to the north as far as Salonica. After the final adieu to Veli Pasha, and the hospitable and intelligent Greek society at Larissa, he traversed the more interesting tracts of Greece, from Thermopylæ to Athens, and thence through the Peloponnesus to Patras, whence he departed for another short residence in Albania, of which he surveyed several tracts which he had not approached before.

The length of time we were detained by the extraordinary personage who commands that country, has reduced us to come to this hasty and abrupt conclusion of a journal which is written with equal spirit throughout, and of which the latter portion describes many scenes and objects of very great captivation. It is at the same time true that many of the most interesting parts of the topography of Greece are latterly become very familiar to the English public.

Dr. Holland is a very vigilant and accurate observer, a very intelligent judge of whatever he observes, and an exceedingly

clear describer and relater. This clearness, combined with the learning which he frequently, but unostentatiously, turns to good account, makes it very pleasing to accompany him through those fascinating tracts where we might perhaps have been gratified by a little more of the poetic in the tone of the observer's sentiments.

Besides a neat map, there are twelve engravings, most of them finished and elegant.

Art. V. *Memoirs of the Life and Doctrines of the late John Hunter, Esq.* Founder of the Hunterian Museum at the Royal College of Surgeons in London. By Joseph Adams, M.D. Author of *Observations on Morbid Poisons, &c.* 8vo. pp. 284. Price 12s. Callow, London. 1817.

THERE are some few favoured individuals, who have acquired a celebrity of character and a perpetuity of fame, that amount in some degree to an identification of their names with the particular branch of intellectual pursuit to which their names are attached. It is with a feeling of this kind, that we speak of Homer in regard to poetry, of Hippocrates to medicine, and of Shakspeare to the drama; and now, in pathological surgery, the name of Hunter is announced under somewhat of the same impression.

And this very celebrity is an unquestionable test of superior merit; nor do we err in regarding with more than ordinary deference, whatever proceeds from men upon whom general consent has conferred so high an award. We ought to be careful, however, in all cases, and more especially where practical science is concerned, to prevent our discernment of worth from being dazzled by the splendour of a name, and our judgement on pretensions, from being warped by *verba-magistri* authority.

An opportunity has already been furnished us of intimating, in reference to a professed disciple and admirer of Mr. Hunter, that he has discovered 'more in his master than his master knew.*' And there are but few, we imagine, who will not agree with us, that the present eulogist of that distinguished individual, carries his admiration to an extravagant extent, when he asserts that

'In proportion as we have since improved in our knowledge of nature, we see the force of, because we understand, what Mr. Hunter taught. In other words, when we make a discovery in pathology, we only learn what we have overlooked in his writings, or forgotten in his lectures.'

Much allowance may however be granted for a favourite pupil and biographer; and works like the present may be of great service to the cause of science; for besides the immediate gra-

* See our Review of Mr. Abernethy's Introductory Lectures.

tification they afford, as memoirs of eminent men, they are calculated to encourage industry, and to lead the student into the proper channels of inquiry. It should be mentioned too, that Dr. Adams, though an ardent admirer of the subject of these *Memoirs*, and sufficiently desirous to palliate his faults, has contrived to intermix with his history some reflections, which, if even in some measure chargeable with the imputation of common-place, are not without great value in their connexion with the details into which he enters respecting the circumstances of Mr. Hunter's life.

It is too common with historians of real, as with dramatic inventors of fictitious character, to represent the failings of men of genius, in such colours as almost to convert them into virtues; and it is quite an ordinary thing to talk of the incompatibility of orderly habits with brilliant talents, insomuch that many would-be geniuses, have actually invested themselves with the eccentricities of others, to which they had no natural bias, fearing to walk in the paths of soberness and propriety, lest they should be reproached with dulness and stupidity. Dr. A. in exposing this prevalent notion, and establishing the assumption that greatness of mental powers is not inconsistent with every thing that is otherwise praiseworthy, has performed an acceptable service to the cause of truth and sobriety.

Another particular circumstance in the work before us, we must take notice of, as it so much accords with our own notions on the same subject, and indeed harmonizes with some suggestions which we have ventured to advance on another occasion, namely, that it is the duty of individuals, as it will be found their happiness, to exert themselves to resist the irruptions of pettishness, and not to give way to rufflings of mind under the false subterfuge of peculiarity of temper. It is worthy notice, that Mr. Hunter was invariably affected by trifling causes of irritation; nay, his life seems to have been curtailed by them; while things of much greater moment, made comparatively but little impression upon his irritable frame. This is in unison with what is often witnessed in life; but we see no way of accounting for the fact, unless it be that a larger measure of resisting power is called into exercise in one case than in the other. The very exercise of the faculty of resistance, in either case, proves, however, its subordination to the will; and why not therefore exert it on small, as well as on great occasions, since so much is to be gained by the contest? More than a double share of responsibility, in reference to this particular, attaches itself to the individual who professes to be under the guidance of Christian principles; but, even independently of these higher motives and paramount duties, it is for men who value their peace and comfort, to be constantly on their guard against

the vulgar, but erroneous notion of a total irresistibility of natural temper.

Before we proceed to an analysis of the work before us, it may not be out of place to say one or two words further, on the just claim of Mr. Hunter, to the very extraordinary celebrity which he has gained. It was by stamping a new impression upon the science to which he devoted himself, that he became so conspicuously pre-eminent above his predecessors and contemporaries. He brought, not only an ardent, but an *independent* mind, into the investigation of physiological science. He considered all that had been done before him, as nothing, unless it appeared to him to have the warrant of truth, as well as the support of authority. He discarded loose analogies, and studied the laws of living existence in the phenomena of living bodies. Thus, the master-principles of action in the animate machine, viz. secretion, absorption, assimilation, and consequent nutrition and growth, assumed in his hands, a character of absolute novelty; and the student who wishes to obtain a correct notion of these vital principles, cannot be too assiduous in his attention to Mr. Hunter's remarks. We are not sure, however, whatever Dr. Adams and Mr. Abernethy may say to the contrary, whether Mr. H. does not, in his sympathetic expositions of the animal economy, tend to mislead by confusing final with efficient causes; or, in other words, by gratuitous assumptions of the *intentions* of nature, which really mean nothing when they are employed to explain the *laws* of nature. This error cannot indeed operate so mischievously as it did in former times, when nominal were taken universally for real essences, or when physiology was a kind of poetry. It nevertheless ought to be carefully discarded from philosophical works; and it is especially reprehensible when it pervades the writings of men, whose talents and acquirements necessarily procure for them a sort of intellectual submission from the generality of mankind.

We make these remarks with the same deference for the sentiments of the present biographer of Mr. H., which we expressed for those of his former advocate; and we think that both Mr. Abernethy and Dr. Adams are themselves living proofs, that Mr. Hunter left behind him much to be discovered and reasoned upon, by those who should succeed to his labours. *They* may say they owe all to Mr. Hunter; but others must, and will think differently. We now proceed to the business more immediately before us.

Mr. Hunter, we are told, was descended from an ancient family: it is worth remarking, that many of our illustrious families derive their names from offices which were likely to bring their ancestors most about the royal person. Hence the Butlers and Stewards; and it is not improbable that the first of the race from

whom the name of Hunter, is derived might have been an attendant upon a royal sportsman. The armorial bearings of the family seem to confirm this conjecture. But whatever may be the antiquity of Mr. Hunter's family, future historians will scarcely take the trouble of tracing it further back than the eighteenth century.'

The father of John Hunter was descended from the Hunters of Hunters-town, an old family in Ayrshire; his mother was a daughter of a Mr. Paul, a 'very respectable man, ' and the 'treasurer of Glasgow.' John was the youngest of ten children. William, the eldest brother, became, as it is well known, a very eminent physician, and teacher of anatomy. Dr. Adams transcribes a letter from old Mr. Hunter to his son William, respecting the direction of his course in life, which places the parent in a very interesting point of view; and had he lived longer, it is most probable that John would not have remained without those advantages of academical education in his early years, the want of which he so sensibly felt during the remainder of his life. Ten years after his birth, his mother was left a widow; and as he was now the only son left at home, maternal indulgence became highly detrimental to him. Of his two sisters, one died a few years after her marriage with Mr. Buchanan, and it does not appear that she left any issue. The other was the mother of three children, two of whom have obtained in their respective departments, a very considerable share of public approbation. On the merits of Dr. Baillie, and his sister, the celebrated authoress, Dr. A. expresses himself in the following terms.

'These two relatives of John Hunter, as authors, and consequently as public characters, we may be permitted to notice. There is, perhaps not a work which, in so small a space, contains so much valuable information as the "Morbidity Anatomy;" nor a work of which we may so truly affirm, that, though replete with references and authorities, there is not a line that can give pain to a reader of any description. But what shall we say of that elegant compilation of engravings published as illustrations of the same work? a collection which must have been suggested by the purest intentions. It could scarcely be expected that so heavy an expence would be repaid by the sale; and among the numerous contributors, the author or compiler's name seems almost concealed.'

'The interesting dramatic pieces of Joanna, speak a mind well stored, well directed, adorned with simplicity and crowned with festivity. This subject might be enlarged, were it not indelicate to dwell on living characters, and unnecessary for those to whom it would be most interesting. It is, however, not altogether unworthy of remark, that this pre-eminence of talent is more frequently a family, than an hereditary endowment! We have lately seen two brothers, one at the head of the English, the other of the Scottish

bar ; and two others, one presiding at the civil, the other chief of the ecclesiastical bench.'

At the age of seventeen, John Hunter left his mother's house, in order to pay a visit of condolence to his sister, Mrs. Buchanan, at Glasgow ; and here, it appears, he assisted his brother-in-law, by actually working at his business ; a circumstance which has given rise to the unfounded report, that he was destined to be a carpenter. But it would seem that the manual assistance which he gave to Mr. Buchanan, was no part of his original intention in his visit to him, but arose merely out of the pressing necessities of the occasion. The event, however, was the immediate cause of Mr. Hunter's seriously seeking for some pursuit in life, as upon his return to his mother, at Long Calderwood, the village amusements were no longer sufficient to occupy his attention. By this time, Dr. William Hunter had already become celebrated in the metropolis ; and John,

'hearing frequently of his brother's success, wrote to request that he would allow him to come to London upon a visit, making at the same time, an offer to be his assistant in his anatomical researches ; or if that proposal could not be accepted, expressing a wish to go into the army. In answer to this letter, he received a very kind invitation from his brother, and immediately set off for London, accompanied by Mr. Hamilton, a friend of the family, who was going upon business ; they rode up together on horseback.'

Dr. Hunter was so well pleased with the first anatomical essays of his brother, that he gave him every encouragement and facility to pursue his studies, and introduced him to the notice of the celebrated Cheselden, under whom he became an assistant at Chelsea Hospital ; and, in the following year, he entered as a pupil at St. Bartholomew's. 'This was two years after the celebrated Mr. Pott was chosen one of the senior surgeons to that royal establishment.'

'It would be curious to know (says Dr. Adams) what Mr. Hunter, at that early period thought of a character so different from himself. Mr. Pott was doubtless a great man in his day, and an experienced surgeon, having been at that time five years assistant surgeon. No man operated more gracefully, or possessed a better choice of expression in lecturing, or an easier flow of language in conversation, or a nicer taste in composition. It was impossible, however, that Mr. Hunter should not have seen at an early period the unstable foundation on which many of his master's pathological doctrines were supported. Yet in none of his writings is Mr. Pott mentioned but with respect. Even the subsequent misunderstanding between him and Dr. Hunter, produced no effect upon John.'

It was probably at the suggestion of his brother, Dr. H. that Mr. John Hunter entered soon after this time as a gentleman

commoner in St. Mary's Hall, Oxford. It does not appear quite certain, what were the ultimate views either of himself, or of his brother in taking this step; but it is not perhaps to be regretted, that he soon abandoned his University schemes, since the time that he would have spent in cultivating the requisite branches of an academical education, proved in the event to have been much more profitably occupied in studying the laws and operations of the living organized body. It was in the year 1755, that Mr. Hunter first became a lecturer. His brother then admitted him to a partnership in the course, and thus he became a joint professor with the Dr. But that present character and posthumous fame, are often far from bearing any thing like an equal proportion or correspondence the one to the other, was shewn in the instance before us. Dr. Hunter, as a teacher of anatomy, commanded universal approbation and applause. There was an ease in his manner, and a perspicuity in his language, that have perhaps scarcely ever been equalled. His brother John, destitute of these qualifications, was consequently held at the time in far inferior estimation; whereas now, while he is regarded by almost universal assent, as a kind of Newton in anatomy and pathology, his brother has fallen into the rank of merely a very able and superior anatomist.

It would appear that the union of the two brothers, came shortly to be any thing but cordial. It is very probable that John felt his growing importance to Dr. Hunter, and was jealous of being inadequately appreciated; while the latter might think that more deference than he received was, under all the circumstances of the case, actually his due. In the year 1760, John received a staff appointment; and in the spring of the following year, he left his brother, and embarked with the army for Belleisle.

'To this fortunate event,' says his biographer 'we owe so many improvements in military surgery. It is true, many writers and practitioners were beginning to be dissatisfied with the cruel practice of those days, but no one had so far entered into the pathology of surgery, as to reduce it to a science, by any rational system or satisfactory rules. The ingratitude or inattention of his successors have much circumscribed the advantages which the world would otherwise have derived from his labours; but our obligations to him are not the less on that account.'

It was after the peace in 1763, that Mr. Hunter returned to England. He was now in his thirty-sixth year, and had the task before him of recommencing his professional career in the metropolis; and now it was, that he employed his leisure with so much success, in elucidating the laws of living existence. Comparative anatomy was cultivated by Mr. Hunter, with an ardour and perseverance that knew no bounds.

He applied to the keepers of the several menageries, bespeaking the carcasses of the animals that might happen to die while in their custody; and in return he purchased other animals alive, committing them to the care of these keepers, to make use of them as they might please, 'satisfied with securing their post *'obit.'*

'His fondness for animals made him besides keep several of different kinds in his house: which, by attention, he rendered familiar with him, and amused himself by observing their peculiar habits and instincts; but this familiarity was attended with considerable risk, and sometimes led him into situations of danger, of which the following is a remarkable instance. Two leopards, which were kept chained in an out-house, had broken from their confinement and got into the yard among some dogs, which they immediately attacked; the howling this produced alarmed the whole neighbourhood. Mr. Hunter ran into the yard to see what was the matter, and found one of them getting up the wall to make his escape, the other surrounded by dogs; he immediately laid hold of them both, and carried them back to their den. But as soon as they were secured, and he had time to reflect upon the risk of his own situation, he was so much agitated that he was in danger of fainting.'

The time we are now alluding to, was unquestionably the most interesting period of Mr. Hunter's life. His pursuits were tranquilly directed to the development of the economy of nature, while his professional celebrity had not arrived at a degree of eminence sufficiently high to excite envy, and give birth to those collisions and jealous bickerings, which, to the disgrace of human nature, never fail, in a greater or less degree, to attend upon public approbation of merit; and which, in general, are most conspicuously prevalent among professors of what ought to be the most liberal and humanizing of arts.

In July 1771, Mr. Hunter married Miss Home, eldest daughter of Mr. Home, surgeon of Burgoyne's regiment of light horse, and sister to the present Sir Everard Home, from whose life, prefixed to his works, Dr. Adams avails himself of much information. Mr. H.'s private practice and professional character were now considerably on the advance; and about the period of his marriage, he published his very able and important treatise on the teeth. In 1773, he became a public lecturer on his own account; and it is very remarkable that the pupils who attended his first courses, frankly confessed their inability to enter into his meaning: so false is the prevalent notion, that what is clearly conceived, cannot fail of being perspicuously expressed. The axiom indeed may hold good, when applied to established principles or allowed truths; but in reference to what is new and has hitherto been discerned only by the discoverer, the very clearness of the con-

ception, sometimes operates as a cause of obscurity in the relation; as the mind of the teacher is not seldom absolutely unconscious of the process by which the knowledge, or rather the discernment was acquired; and besides this, there is in some persons an aptitude to communicate information, which does not belong to others who are equally well informed. Mr. Hunter, it is said, found the task of lecturing so formidable, that he was obliged to take thirty drops of laudanum before he entered the theatre, at the beginning of each course.

‘About the year 1776, the efforts of the humane society very much occupied the public attention. Dr. Cogan had first introduced the subject from Holland, and the industry of Dr. Hawes, by never suffering it to rest, at last produced a royal establishment. It was not probable that the labours of Mr. Hunter should be spared on this occasion. The consequence was a paper produced before the royal society, in the year 1776, containing “proposals for the recovery of persons apparently drowned.”’

One of the principal circumstances of this paper, so far as the *signs* of life and death are concerned, consists in the explanation of the variation that has been observed in drowned bodies, with respect to the period of their floating. It has commonly, but without foundation, been supposed, that the rising of a body to the surface of water, might be considered as an index of the time in which such body had been immersed, since it could not take place till a degree of putrefaction and consequent extrication of air had commenced. Mr. Hunter was the first to shew clearly, that with regard to the period of floating, much depends upon the precise manner in which death takes place in reference to respiration; and that if the person cease to breathe *while the lungs are full of air*, the floating of the body will then almost immediately take place; whereas, if the actual moment of the cessation of life be at the time of *throwing out* air from the lungs, a degree of putrefaction must take place in the body before it rises to the surface of the water. Also,

‘If absolute universal death takes place at the moment of the accident, putrefaction follows with the same rapidity, and the body sooner becomes buoyant. If, on the contrary, the parts retain their life, though the actions by which life was supported cannot be maintained, putrefaction will not commence till life ceases: air therefore will not be extricated, and the body will be a long time before it floats. By a proper attention to this difference, Mr. Hunter explained how it happened that, under some circumstances, no industry or skill could produce re-animation, after an immersion comparatively short to what had occurred in other more successful instances.’

In fact, our physiologist was the first who made the very important distinction with accuracy, between the actual depri-

vation and the mere suspension of the living principle, and who explained the phenomenon of animal torpidity during *hybernation*, upon the principles of a temporary loss of the capacity of assimilating aliment. 'He brought into the open air, lizards that had been confined in cellars in a torpid state. Being placed in the sunshine, they soon began to bask and move about with great agility; but these exertions were short, and life ceased with them,' inasmuch as the spurious and unnatural life thus induced, did not bring with it one of the essentials of positive vitality, namely, the capacity of assimilating to its own nature surrounding alimentary materials.

That Mr. Hunter continued ardently devoted to the cause of science, rather than solicitous for his own professional preferment and emolument, requires no other proof than the continuance of his pecuniary difficulties even after he was in the receipt of considerable sums from his practice as a surgeon, and notwithstanding the laudable economy which prevailed in his general expenditure. Of his anatomical collections, which now form the Hunterian Museum at the College of Surgeons, he was never for a moment unmindful.

'This collection,' says Sir Everard Home, 'which had been the great object of his life, both as a pursuit and amusement, was now (1787) brought into a state of arrangement; and gave him, at length, the satisfaction of shewing to the public a series of anatomical facts formed into a system, by which the economy of animal life was illustrated. He shewed it to his friends and acquaintances twice a-year; in October to medical gentlemen, and in May to noblemen and gentlemen who were only in town during Spring. This custom he continued to his death.'

But before we give an abridged account of the circumstances of his death, which were remarkable and melancholy, it may not be uninteresting to say a few words further on the subject of his connexion and difference with his brother Dr. Hunter, to which we have already alluded, and to the consideration of which, Dr. Adams devotes a very interesting section of his Memoir. The time and particulars of Mr. Hunter's first introduction to his brother, have been already noticed. It was not likely that at this time the Doctor felt any thing approaching towards that rivalry which ultimately took place between himself and his brother. The more industry and the more talent the latter evinced, the greater, in the first instance, was most probably the gratification of the former. But when John, from a mere imitator and scholar, became an inventor and a theorist, and when he further shewed that a respectful attachment to his brother could not prevent him from expressing the detected fallacy of some of his physiological sentiments, who, with a knowledge of human nature,

can be surprised that a breach of friendship should shortly take place between the two associates in one pursuit? But John had a still more positive reason for conceiving a dissatisfaction at his brother's conduct towards him; for in some instances of anatomical discoveries of a most important nature, there seems to have been, to say the least, a disposition on the part of the Doctor, to be niggardly in his acknowledgements of the sources from whence he derived his new information; and in one particular instance he pertinaciously laid claim to a discovery which of right belonged to his brother. This, however, was not done without an especial provocation from the latter; and upon the whole, there seems to have been on each side, about an equal degree of blamable feeling indulged, and of blamable conduct exercised. In justice, however, to John, we ought to state that every feeling of enmity was lost on his part, as Dr. Hunter approached the termination of his earthly career. After an entire separation for three years, Mr. H. when he heard of his brother's illness, requested

'in the warmth of his heart, that he might at least be introduced to the sick bed of his near relation, his patron, his instructor, and the head of his family. This request was complied with, and the relation, the quondam pupil and protégé, had the high gratification of administering his professional services in the last moments of his life.'

Dr. Adams further transcribes from notes which he took at the time, the affecting allusion which John Hunter made to his brother's death, in the concluding lecture of a course which was just closing at the time the event took place. After some introductory matter respecting the new plan he was about to adopt in his future lectures,

'Here,' says Dr. A. 'Mr. Hunter seemed to finish, yet to have more to say; at length, endeavouring to appear as if he had just recollected something, he began,—“Ho! Gentlemen, one thing more:—I need not remind you of ——— You all know the loss anatomy has lately sustained!” He was obliged to pause, and turn his face from his hearers. At length, recovering himself, he proceeded.'

What follows related to the introduction of Mr. Cruickshank as his brother's successor; and Dr. A. goes on to say:—

'This and a few words more, were not spoken without great emotion, nor with dry eyes. The scene was so truly pathetic, that a general sympathy pervaded the whole class; and every one, though all had been preparing to leave the place, stood or sat motionless and silent for some minutes.'

Dr. Hunter's death took place in his sixty-fifth year, and it is remarkable that his brother died at the same age. Our sketch

of the life of the latter brought him down to the year 1787, and to the satisfactory arrangement of his vast anatomical museum, from which time, to his decease, which happened in 1793, his pursuits were much impeded by several paroxysms of illness, and some of them exceedingly severe. Fits of gout, violent spasmodic affections, inflammations of the heart and of the brain, were successively experienced in a very violent degree, by Mr. Hunter, and in very many cases arose so evidently out of the circumstances of his life, as to justify the inference that, humanly speaking, his life might have been considerably prolonged by a more tranquil tenor and course. The nature of his predominant complaint, angina pectoris, made sudden death a more than probable expectation; but how much the actual event must have been imbibited to his surviving relations and friends, by the consciousness, that had he kept himself from exposure to the immediately exciting cause of the extinction of life, he might have lived to a considerably later period! It seems Mr. Hunter was engaged in a series of contentions with his colleagues, about matters frequently in themselves comparatively trivial, and that on the morning of his decease, he repaired to the hospital, in the anticipation, as 'he mentioned to a baronet, 'that some unpleasant rencontre might ensue, and that if such 'should be the case, he knew it must be his death.'

'This event,' says Dr. Adams, 'was too literally accomplished. Sir Everard informs us, that, on the 16th of October, 1793, when in his usual state of health, he went to St. George's hospital, and meeting with some things which irritated his mind, and not being perfectly master of the circumstances, he withheld his sentiments: in which state of restraint, he went into the next room, and turning round to Dr. Robinson, one of the physicians of the hospital, he gave a deep groan, and dropt down dead!'

We forbear any further comment upon this melancholy and impressive recital. We cannot even with our biographer, 'follow the body to the place its owner quitted in the morning 'under such dreary impressions, and attend to the *exuvia* 'which contained this mighty mind.' All that our limits will allow us further to do, is to transcribe from the Memoir before us, the following reflections of the writer, upon the life and death of the two extraordinary persons who are the subjects of the present article. It is necessary to premise, that Dr. Hunter, after a previous illness, had determined in defiance of the fears and desires of all his friends, to appear again in his anatomical theatre; and such was his debilitated state, that during the lecture, he was so exhausted as to faint from his exertion to communicate to his pupils something new, and in his mind of much moment. To this theatre he never more returned, and lived only ten days longer.

‘Such then,’ says Dr. A. ‘was the end of two brothers who raised the anatomical school of London to its present celebrity, and in their museums erected their own monuments! Both arrived in London with no capital but genius, industry, and integrity: the first almost without introduction. Each arrived nearly at the same age, finished his career in the same time, and each in the *arena* of his own labours. The first, struck with the approaches of death in his own theatre, and in his expiring moments anxious to return that he might communicate a physiological fact he never could ascertain till then. The other expiring on the spot.

‘The late Dr. Denman used to say, that one was a man of order; the other a man of genius. This could only be meant in comparison of each other, for, compared with the rest of mankind, both were men of genius, both men of order; which shews that *genius indulged in its own pursuits is not inconsistent with order*. When confederates quarrel for prey, we view the scene with indifference, if not with gratification. When one party is the oppressor, our feelings are divided between sympathy and indignation; but when two congenial, and in most respects admirable spirits, tenants of the same womb, are separated by an event which scarcely interests an individual except themselves, can we fail to regret, that in such characters, the short period of human existence should not be embellished by all the delights of the purest and most exalted friendship!’

Art. VI. *A Poetical Epistle to Lord Byron.* 8vo. pp. 16. Miller, London. 1816.

AFTER having expressed our opinion at length respecting the peculiarities of Lord Byron’s poetry, we have no design to enter into any further discussion on the subject. We notice this Epistle, therefore, chiefly on account of the spirit with which it is versified. The Noble Satirist cannot have just cause to complain, that the weapon which he has wielded with so merciless severity, is turned against him, in this anonymous production; but possibly there are those who might have had real ground for complaint, had no champion stepped forward into the lists as the advocate of justice, to answer Childe Harold’s proud appeal and insinuated calumny. Whosoever this knight errant may be, that with his visor down advances to chastise the *paynim* hero, it must be confessed that there is nerve in his arm: Lord Byron best knows whether there is edge in his weapon.

‘Oh, ’tis an easy task, in verse to prate
Of broken hearts, and bosoms desolate!
And ’tis a thriving trade! let Murray tell,
What thou hast written, and for him—how well.
Would that each hungry wretch, dear Britain owns,
Could vend his mis’ry, and impawn his groans;

Could bring, like thee, his wretchedness for sale,
 Made up for use, in Pilgrimage and Tale !
 And thus the Mendicant, protrudes to sight
 His mangled limb, our pity to excite ;
 Lives on the real wounds acquir'd in wars,
 Or feeds and fattens on factitious scars.
 Oh, when thy Muse prolific, next supplies
 Her import vast, of marketable sighs,
 Somewhat, perchance, thy bounty then may spare,
 For *real* sorrows and substantial care :
 Somewhat, self-exiled Misanthrope, for those,
 Who have not found thus vendible *their* woes.
 To ask for country's sake were vain—and why ?
 Her " shores can neither grieve nor glad thine eye*."
 Yet still proceed—still chant thy gloomy lays,
 Insult—retract—bespatter, and bepraise ;
 Pour on the town in one continued tide,
 The dark o'erflowings of thy cynic pride :
 While every puling Miss the story greets—
 Hugs to her breast these lordly, dear conceits ;
 Her hours—her sorrows—and her tears resigns,
 To ruffian hordes, and wand'ring libertines,
 E'en the pure heart, unconscious of offence,
 Caught by a feeling—ardent and intense,
 Its finest, noblest sympathies affords
 To wand'ring libertines and ruffian hordes !
 Nor shall the Muse one generous pang disdain,
 For powers perverted, or bestowed in vain—
 And blush that he, round whose high favoured head,
 Her brightest halo, Genius deign'd to shed ;
 That He—best gifted of the tuneful throng,
 With head and mind perversely warp'd to wrong :
 Should lend these powerful talents, to impart
 The cheerless feelings of a sceptic's heart ;
 A heart, in which no generous ire is seen—
 Cold in its malice—causeless in its spleen ;
 To trace the moody workings of a mind,
 To heav'n unjust, at variance with its kind :
 Yet tho' at every line a virtue bleed—
 Indulge thy wayward humour—and proceed.
 What is this boast of "*shrouded thoughts*," that dwell
 With'ring and dark within their secret cell ?
 Where the " proud caution" of the struggling breast ?
 Where is one bitter feeling, unexpressed ?
 When thou hast bared thy heart to every eye,
 Proclaimed its heavings to the faintest sigh,
 The meanest reptile that has cross'd thy path,
 Was crush'd beneath thy desolating wrath ;

* 1st Stanza ; Childe Harold, 3d Canto.

While gentler natures, and the softer mind—
Have bow'd beneath a torture more refin'd ;
That polish'd irony, whose art conceals
Its sting—which but the victim *sees* and *feels*.
Oh, to satiety have we not read
Of thy dark sorrows, and “ thy widow'd bed ? ”
And thou hast made thy sport of others pain ;
On wounded feelings gaz'd with cold disdain ;
Shot unprovok'd the random shafts of spleen,
Debas'd the high—and trampled on the mean—
Nor from envenom'd words could thy last strain,
E'en in its burst of tenderness, refrain.
Misguided spirit ! yet in mercy spare,
And if thy heart be human—oh, forbear.
Can mean suspicion, and unmanly wrong,
Support thy fame, or dignify thy song ?
No—and round cradled innocence to prate,
Of thy “ *drain'd blood*,” and “ *duty taught by hate !* ”
True taste and feeling must alike deny,
Nature disowns the unhallow'd lullaby.' pp. 6—9.

Art. VII. *The Round Table* : a Collection of Essays on Literature, Men, and Manners. By William Hazlitt, 2 Vols. Foolscep 8vo. pp. 500. Price 14s. Longman and Co. 1817.

‘THE following work,’ the Editor confesses, ‘ falls somewhat ‘ short of its title and original intention.’ ‘ The small ‘ party of friends who meet once a week at a Round Table to ‘ discuss the merits of a leg of mutton,’ turns out to consist of Mr. Hazlitt and Mr. Examiner Hunt. When our readers shall have before them a specimen of their joint lucubrations, it will, indeed, excite neither surprise nor regret, that no third person, except the author of ‘ a letter in the Seventeenth Number,’ should have ventured to break in upon this philosophic tête à tête. It were a charitable supposition that not many persons, certainly none that value their character, would be ambitious of participating in the honour of this literary fellowship.

‘ On the Causes of Methodism.

‘ The first Methodist on record was David. He was the first eminent person we read of, who made a regular compromise between religion and morality, between faith and good works. After any trifling peccadillo in point of conduct, as a murder, adultery, perjury, or the like, he ascended with his harp into some high tower of his palace ; and having chaunted, in a solemn strain of poetical inspiration, the praises of virtue and piety, made his peace with heaven, and his own conscience.

‘ The Jewish bard, whom we have placed at the head of this class of devotees, was of a sanguine and robust temperament. Whether he chose “ to sinner it or saint it,” he did both most royally, with a

fulness of gusto, and carried off his penances and his *faux pas* in a style of oriental grandeur. This is by no means the character of his followers among ourselves, who are a most pitiful sect. They may rather be considered as a collection of religious invalids, as the refuse of all that is weak and unsound in body and mind. To speak of them as they deserve, they are not well in the flesh, and therefore they take refuge in the spirit; they are not comfortable here, and they seek for the life to come; they are deficient in steadiness of moral principle, and they trust to grace to make up the deficiency: they are dull and gross in apprehension, and therefore they are glad to substitute faith for reason, and to plunge in the dark, under the supposed sanction of superior wisdom, into every species of mystery and jargon. This is the history of Methodism, which may be defined to be religion with its slabbering-bib and go-cart. It is a bastard kind of Popery, stripped of its painted pomp and outward ornaments, and reduced to a state of pauperism. "The whole need not a physician." The secret of the success of the Catholic faith and evangelical preaching, is the same—both are a religion by proxy.' p. 163.

We are sure that we need not transcribe another sentence from these volumes, nor say a word more of their contents. The above is not a solitary instance of blasphemous ribaldry. There is much more of the same kind, mixed up with a variety of literary topics, which are treated for the most part with the flippancy of a *petit-maitre* infidel. One might almost admire the honesty, the sort of moral courage which is manifested in this open hostility against religion, contrasted with the insidious decency of air with which the attack is sometimes conducted, did it not seem to indicate that want of shame which, forbidding all hope of repentance, seals up the character in utter worthlessness.

As a specimen of the qualifications for moral and literary criticism, displayed in these volumes, the reader may however take the following remark.

'The Dissenters in this country (if we except the founders of sects, who fall under a class by themselves) have produced only two remarkable men, Priestley and Jonathan Edwards!'

Jonathan Edwards an *English* Dissenter!—born, educated, and resident all his days in America! This writer's accuracy is worthy of his other accomplishments. The assertion itself is too absurd to deserve serious refutation; and as to the Dissenters, the only shape in which they might fear to encounter these knights of the Round Table, would be that of *panegyriats*.

Art. VIII. *Private Memoirs, which with the Work of M. Hue, and the Journal of Clery, complete the History of the Captivity of the Royal Family of France in the Temple.* Translated from the French, with Notes by the Translator, 12mo. pp. 138. Price 6s. 6d. Murray. London. 1817.

THERE is scarcely any thing which is more calculated to awaken, and call into exercise the tenderest feelings of our nature, than the contemplation of the privations and sufferings of those individuals especially, who seemed born to a better destiny. A diversity of opinion will probably ever continue to prevail, in regard to the actual circumstances which originated the French Revolution. Whether it arose out of the profligacy of the court, and the oppression of the aristocracy; what share the people themselves had in producing the convulsion; in what degree it is attributable to the writings of the French philosophers, which had preceded it; are questions of extremely difficult solution, and will long divide the opinions of the political world. But among Britons, there never can be more than one sentiment, one opinion, respecting the extreme cruelties inflicted upon the several branches of the royal household of France, during the long period of their cruel captivity.

We are accustomed to think and to speak of an English mob, as a many-headed monster of portentous mien and bearing. The populace of Britain, it must be confessed, are destitute of the courtesy and *politesse* of the French *canaille*; but we cannot persuade ourselves that any deputations from popular conventions in this country, or that British *gens d'armes*, could be brought to treat those who were yesterday their governors, but who are to-day in their power, with the shameful, or rather the shameless inhumanity which that unhappy family experienced; and this, often and without the smallest meaning, or the slightest pretext. The tale before us, is truly a tale of horror. It is formed of notes, taken by the only survivor of those who were personally the subjects of the shocking scenes it describes; and who herself, for eighteen long months, endured not merely all the hardships and indignities of a rigorous confinement, but the heart-sickening uncertainty of the fate, and even of the existence of her own mother!

Hue and Clery have already given a detailed account of these transactions; but neither of these individuals was in possession of the many minute circumstances which make up the materials necessary to constitute a complete history of this horrible affair. The incidents which are omitted by the above narrators, the tract now under notice professes to supply. It is, we are told, received at Paris, as a publication of indisputable authority; and indeed, it seems to possess all the internal evidence of an authentic narrative.

'The king and his family,' it informs us, 'reached the Temple at seven o'clock in the evening of the 13th of August, 1792. The gunners wanted to take him alone to the *Tower*, (a detached part of the Temple never frequented, and hardly known,) and to have the other prisoners in the palace of the Temple. Manuel had by the way received an order to conduct the whole family to the *Tower*. Petion appeased the anger of the gunners, and the order was executed. Petion went away, but Manuel remained, and the municipal officers would not let the king out of their sight: he supped with his family. The Dauphin was dying with sleep. At eleven o'clock, Madame de Tourzill took him to the *Tower*, which was positively to be the common lodging of all. About one o'clock in the morning, the king and the rest of the family were conducted thither;—there was nothing ready for their reception. Madame Elizabeth slept in the kitchen, and it was said that Manuel himself was ashamed at shewing her the way to such a bed chamber.'

The history then proceeds to describe the several instances of personal insult, which the members of the Royal Family, and the King especially, were exposed to daily, by the men who were employed as constant guards of their persons, and inspectors of all their actions. One man in particular, who had headed the mob to force open the palace doors on the 20th of June, was ever exercised in contriving some mode of shewing the cruelty of his hatred by acts of vulgar revenge. Knowing that the Queen had a particular aversion to tobacco, he would puff it in her face, and in that of the King, when they happened to pass him. He would retire early to bed, because he knew that the family must necessarily go through his room, in order to reach their own. But it was not within doors only, that these vulgar insults were constantly shewn. 'The garden was full of workmen who insulted the king. One of them even boasted before him, that he wished to split the queen's head with the tool with which he was working.' It is, however, added, that Petion caused this man to be arrested.

Madame de Lamballe,* who was at first confined with the family, was soon forced away from them. While they were in anxious suspense respecting her, there was one day an uncommon tumult, accompanied with the most horrid shouts. It was insisted by some who entered the Temple, that the King should shew himself at the windows. This, however, was over-ruled; but upon the King's asking what was the matter, one of the guards replied, 'Well! since you will know it, it is the head of Madame de Lamballe that they want to shew you.'

* 'Madame de Lamballe was of the house of Savoy; the widow of Louis de Bourbon, Prince de Lamballe, son of the Duke of Penthièvre.'

This was the only occasion, the Duchess of Angoulême informs us, on which the firmness of her mother was overcome. She adds, that when the municipal officers shewed their anger against the young man who had thus unfeelingly made known this horrible transaction, her father, the King, excused him, taking the fault upon himself for having questioned him.

The trial and condemnation of Louis, and his conduct during the time the trial lasted, as well as the firmness and resignation with which he died, are then briefly related; and the narrative continues in the following words.

'On the morning of this terrible day, the princesses rose at six. The night before, the queen had scarcely strength enough to put her son to bed. She threw herself, dressed as she was, upon her own bed, where she was heard shivering with cold and grief all night long. At a quarter past six the door opened; the princesses believed that they were sent for to see the king; but it was only the officers looking for a prayer-book for the king's mass. They did not, however, abandon the hope of seeing him, till the shouts of joy of the infuriated populace came to tell them that all was over!'

After this, we are not surprised to hear that nothing could calm the agony of the Queen, and that 'she would sometimes look upon her children and her sister with an air of pity that made them shudder.'

Another dreadful trial soon awaited her. On the third of July, a decree of the Convention was read to the Queen and Princesses, purporting that the Dauphin should be separated from them. The Queen heard this decree with the utmost agony of horror, and she actually 'defended against the efforts of the officers, the bed in which she had placed him.' Her horror was augmented when she learnt that one Simon, a shoemaker by trade, whom she had seen in the Temple, was one of the officers to whom her unhappy child was confided. This miscreant's principal duty, we are told in a note by the Translator, was to debilitate the child's body, and impair his understanding. Simon was eventually involved in Robespierre's overthrow, and was guillotined the day after him, July 29th, 1794.

The Queen was ordered at length to prepare for her trial; and, as a preliminary step, her separation from the Princesses was ordered, and put into execution. The infamous Simon, in the mean time, was teaching the young Dauphin the most horrid oaths and execrations against God, his own family, and the aristocrats. Happily, the Queen was ignorant of these horrors. Her earthly course had terminated, before the child had learned this infamous lesson. 'It was an infliction which the mercy of heaven was pleased to spare her.'

'It was on the 16th of October, 1793, that Marie Antoinette-Josephe-Jeanne de Lorraine, daughter of an emperor, and wife of

a king, was executed. She was thirty-seven years and eleven months old. She had been twenty-three years in France, and had survived her husband eight months.

'The princesses could not persuade themselves that the queen was dead, though they heard her sentence cried about by the newsmen. A hope, natural to the unfortunate, made them believe that she had been saved.

'There were moments, however, at which in spite of their reliance on foreign powers, they felt the liveliest alarm for her, when they heard the fury of the unhappy populace against the whole family. Madame Royale (the Duchess of Angoulême) remained for eighteen months in this cruel suspense.'

This tract contains also a circumstantial account of the manner in which the life of the Dauphin was terminated. It seems the choice was given to the shoemaker Simon, whether he would continue to be the keeper of the Dauphin, or accept the situation of a municipal officer. As he preferred the latter, the unhappy child was absolutely abandoned to misery and wretchedness; he continued for more than a year without any change of linen, so that every kind of filth and vermin was allowed to accumulate about him, without being removed during all that time.

'His window, which was locked as well as grated, was never opened; and the infectious smell of this horrid room was so dreadful that no one could bear it for a moment. He might indeed have washed himself, for he had a pitcher of water, and have kept himself more clean than he did; but overwhelmed by the ill treatment he had received, he had not resolution to do so, and his illness began to deprive him of even the necessary strength. He never asked for any thing, so great was his dread of Simon, and his other keepers. He passed his days without any kind of occupation. They did not even allow him light in the evening. This situation affected his mind as well as his body, and it is not surprizing that he should have fallen into a frightful atrophy. The length of time which he resisted this persecution shews how good his constitution must originally have been.'

In consequence of this cruel neglect and ill-treatment, the Dauphin fell into a disorder attended with swellings of his joints and fever, of which he died, according to this account, on the 9th of June, 1795, at three o'clock in the afternoon. 'He was not poisoned,' says the history, 'as some have believed. The only poison which shortened his days was filth, made more fatal by horrible treatment, by harshness and cruelty, of which there is no example.'

Here the *Memoirs* terminate. It is stated in a note, that the Duchess remained six months in the Temple after the death of her brother, and left it on the 19th of December, which was the seventeenth anniversary of her birth.

Art. IX. *Gumal and Lina; or the African Children.* An instructive and entertaining History, designed chiefly for the Use of Young People. Translated from the French, by S. B. Moens. With Plates. In Two Volumes. Small 8vo. Price 7s. 6d. Darton, Harvey, and Co London, 1817.

THIS work was originally published in Germany, where its author, Lossius, has obtained some celebrity. He seems to have fully acquired the happy art of engaging the attention of the young, to whose benefit he has almost exclusively devoted his pen, by the interest he infuses into his narratives. The moral truths which he aims to convey, are enforced in a style that is perspicuous and simple; and the introduction of them seems to arise naturally from the circumstances wherein those who utter them are described as being placed. In the present performance, the principles of natural and revealed religion are laid down with a plainness which renders them easy of comprehension, and the story, which connects the several discourses upon them, is calculated to interest the affections, by the domestic nature of its incidents, and to amuse the imagination, by the novelty of description which results from the local peculiarities of the quarter of the globe made choice of by the author for his scene of action. Mr. Moens has preferred taking his translation from the French of the Rev. J. L. A. Dumas, rather than immediately from the German original, as that gentleman has improved upon his model, by many valuable additions to the moral and religious parts of the work. With these, and a few trifling alterations, and occasional abridgements, it is now for the first time presented to the English public. A sketch of the story, and a few extracts illustrative of the style, will enable our readers to form their own opinions of the merit and tendency of this little work.

Gumal, the son of Chilum, an African Prince, is carried off by Stadsî, the Prince of a neighbouring nation, in revenge for the loss of his only son, who died fighting by his side against the father of Gumal. On the day that Stadsî had determined to sacrifice the young prince to the manes of his son, he is rescued by Lina, the daughter of Stadsî, who is herself compelled to become the companion of his flight, to avoid her father's cruelty. The perils to which the children are exposed on their unknown route, are described with much interest, and the younger class of the readers of this little work will sympathize in the delight they are made to feel, when they are rescued from them by an aged and benevolent European, whom religious motives have induced to take up his abode in that country. He brings the youthful wanderers into a beautiful and sheltered valley, where Gumal finds an old negro who had formerly

served in his father's family. A train of natural incidents, related in the course of the work, converts the solitary hermitage into a thriving colony, in the history of every member of which the reader previously becomes interested. The following passage which is descriptive of the feelings that are inspired in the bosoms of the children, when they for the first time hear of the existence and power of the Supreme Being, will afford no unfavourable specimen of the Author's style.

' The sun was already sunk beneath the mountains; its last rays inflaming the west, gilded the edge of the clouds, and coloured the tops of the opposite mountains; the air was cool, and the fruitful dew moistened the yet burning earth, when the old man, accompanied by Pedro, conducted the children to the evening arbour, which was situated in a beautiful plain, upon a little hill, from whence they enjoyed a delightful prospect towards the western hemisphere. From this spot the children had often seen the setting of the sun, but never did it appear so beautiful, never had they observed it with so much attention and delight. The eyes of the two old men, fixed upon this grand sight, drew theirs towards the same place, and long did they look at it without being weary. The whole face of the country had changed its aspect. As the twilight increased, the heavens became more extended, and the ethereal arch seemed to deepen. The shades of the mountains shed a sweet obscurity over the landscape, which here and there was yet enlightened by the last rays of the setting sun; already the veil of night enveloped the neighbouring forest in darkness, the sweet warbling of the birds decreased gradually; a solemn calm reigned throughout all nature. How awfully grand is this profound and universal repose! But, still more so the aspect of the starry heavens. Already the lustre of some of the stars shone forth; increasing every moment in numbers, as twilight gave way to darkness. What a sublime spectacle for these young people! Now Gumal, then again Lina, discovered a new star which surpassed the others in size and in beauty; filled with joy they communicated their discoveries to each other. "Look," said they, "do look well, what a number of stars glitter on all sides! See, yonder, that group which forms a crown, and there that group in which the stars seem close together." For a long time the old men beheld with secret joy the innocent happiness of these two children; but at last Pedro bade them cast a look to the other quarter of the heavens. O wonderful! a silver globe arose majestically from behind the mountains, and illumined the country by its sweet and peaceful light. At this unexpected sight they stood enchanted for a few moments. Never did the rising of the full moon appear to them so beautiful. Lina danced for joy, and Gumal said to the old man; "My father, did God also make this beautiful moon?"

"Yes, my child, he made it; and not only the moon, but also those innumerable multitudes of stars which you behold."

"But, dear father," said Lina, "the moon never appeared to me so beautiful; never did I see so many stars."

"That often happens, my dear girl, to most people. How many

are there who see the sun rising and setting almost every day, who behold the moon and stars in heaven, without paying any attention to this magnificent spectacle, although they have as good eyes as you! Whence is this?"

"I do not know, father."—"Last night," continued the old man, "the heavens shone with as much lustre as they do now; did you observe it?"

"No father, I sat down with Gumal, near to good Pedro, and we were talking of our garden, but I did not even think of looking up to heaven."

"It was, then, for want of attention that you did not see yesterday, nor before, this grand scene, as you have done to day. Accustom yourself, my dear, to consider every thing which surrounds you with more attention; try to find out its aim and use—its end and origin; then you will gradually grow wiser, more intelligent, and you will learn to know God in his works." Vol. 1. p. 49.

Another extract which we shall make from this excellent little work, will not fail to prove interesting to many of our readers, who will be glad to imitate the happy method adopted by the Author, in conveying religious truths to children and dependants.

Geronio continued his instructions upon the truths and precepts of the Christian religion; this useful and truly sublime knowledge he taught them in leisure moments when the family was together. Lina, who seldom quitted the old man, made rapid progress in Christian knowledge, and in the practice of every thing good and useful. In proportion as her heart received the mild and blessed impressions of the religion of the Saviour, her example had a powerful influence upon Agatha; who from time to time corrected her faults, whilst her wild and rude temper gradually softened, and she daily experienced the blessings of living amongst virtuous persons.

"My friends," said the old man, "how infinitely good is God towards us, in uniting us so affectionately one with another! Enjoying in common the bounties of nature, how many opportunities have we to excite each other to virtue! And what a happy prospect does eternity present to our view, after we shall have finished the journey of life, which God has appointed for us in this beautiful spot of his earth!"

"This blessing, my dear children, we owe to Jesus; it is he who has discovered unto us the great design of Divine mercy towards men; it is that blessed Saviour who has taught us the only means of acquiring that wisdom and that perfect happiness which we can never enjoy in this world. 'And this is life eternal,' said the Redeemer, 'that they might know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent.' You no doubt remember our first conversations upon the existence, nature and attributes of God? Well, Jesus has not only confirmed all these important truths, which nature and the voice of conscience teach all men; but moreover, he has delivered us from the yoke of superstition, that is, from all the false ideas which men had formed of the Divinity: he has taught us

to adore God in a reasonable manner, to rejoice in him, to love him with all our soul, and to fix all our hopes upon him."

"You see, dear children, that the Christian religion is plain and easy; that it does not occupy the mind alone; but that it is also a religion which engages the heart and affects our feelings.

"Tell me, Gumal, do you think that a truth can be very interesting to us, if it does not influence our happiness?"

"No, I think it must soon become indifferent to us if it does not make us happier. That truth—*there is a God*—would soon cease to interest us, if it did not convince us that the God of the universe, is also our God, our Creator, Father, Friend, Benefactor, and Judge!"

"But, Lina, if that Almighty God, after having created you, had taken no further care of you, but left you to yourself, should you then have rejoiced in thinking of him?"

"Perhaps," answered Lina, "I should have had a deep veneration for that great Being; I could not but admire his Almighty Power, so visible in nature; but if I thought that he, being so far distant from me, did not interest himself in my lot, then my heart would remain insensible, and I could not rejoice in God."

"But being convinced that he interests himself in all your concerns, that you are the object of his Divine love, and that he will render you happy, does not this fill your heart with gratitude?"

"Oh! my father! that is my greatest happiness."

"It is this assurance that Jesus has given us. He has taught us to see in God, not only the Creator and Sovereign of the universe, but also our preserver and benefactor. He has manifested unto us the relationship which exists between God and us; and to make us the more sensible of this connexion, Jesus has told us, *that for his sake God is our Father*. The whole of his doctrine is included in these words, which tell us, that all which a good and wise father is to his children, that God is toward us. O my friends! never forget this consoling truth; let your hearts be deeply affected therewith, and it will teach you the most important part of the doctrine of Jesus Christ." Vol. II. p. 116.

Our readers will perceive from these extracts, that the volumes before us are replete with moral and religious instruction. While so many of our youth of both sexes are sent to the Continent, into the midst of folly and immorality, we rejoice that we can receive any thing *from* it, to counteract at home the ill-effects there is too much reason to fear we may expect from the return of those who go abroad without any motive which can authorize a hope that they will be benefited by their travels. The Translator, who is a foreigner, has performed his task very respectably; there appears at the first reading a little stiffness in the style, but this afterwards disappears.

Art. X. *The Doctrine of Regeneration practically considered: A Sermon preached before the University of Oxford, at Saint Mary's on Monday, February 24, 1817. By Daniel Wilson, M.A. of St. Edmund-Hall, Oxford; and Minister of St John's Chapel, Bedford Row, London. 8vo. pp. 56. Price 2s. Hatchard. 1817.*

THE perusal of this Sermon reminded us of Paul preaching at Athens;—not that the learned Oxonians are characterized by a passion for telling or hearing some *new thing*; on the contrary a thing must be old, very old, to conciliate reverence at Oxford: but the doctrine of Regeneration practically considered in its connexion with the inward renewal of the heart, would scarcely seem we apprehend, to a University audience, a doctrine less strange than the strange things which Paul declared at Areopagus. We cannot but take pleasure that one such sermon as the present, should have been pronounced from the chair which has been wont to resound with academical orations of so different a tendency. How little attention soever it might command from the philosophers of our modern Athens, and at no place did less success attend the preaching of the Gospel by the great Apostle than at the metropolis of ancient wisdom,—still, we are glad that the occasion was afforded for this explicit, but judicious and comprehensive exhibition of the doctrines of Christ, and that the manner in which that occasion was improved has left nothing to regret—except that it is perhaps not likely to be again afforded to the preacher.

Mr. Wilson abstains in this Discourse, from all attempts to adjust the controversy which continues to divide the Established Church, by childish appeals to human authority, or by ingenious hypotheses, or by taking it for granted that the opposite parties mean the same thing. He makes no attempt to reconcile the doctrine of Regeneration with this formula or with that dogma, or to accommodate it to the fastidious prejudices of those who sicken at a *methodistic* phrase. He speaks out plainly and boldly; yet is there nothing in the manner of his exhibiting the truth calculated unnecessarily to aggravate the offensiveness of the doctrine. The air of the Preacher is that of a man earnestly contending for the faith which he knows to be of God, not as embodied in an isolated position, but as consisting of an harmonious system of facts, the mutual dependence of which renders it perilous to compromise one doctrine connected with the Christian scheme.

The principal design of this Discourse, is to insist on the necessity, the reality, and the magnitude of that moral change in the faculties of the soul, in which all personal religion originates, and which is 'the commencement of sanctification, the incipient principle of that holiness without which no man

'shall see the Lord.' The Preacher begins by shewing the importance of taking fundamental and governing principles as our guide in religious inquiries, as without them we shall in vain attempt to adjust inferior topics, or to come to any satisfactory decision respecting points of real difficulty.

'If we begin by plain and unembarrassed principles, and understand clearly, and feel deeply, the real corruption of our nature, and the surpassing holiness of God, together with the necessity of the powerful, though imperceptible work of the Holy Spirit upon the heart, we shall arrive at substantial truth; while, if we first listen to captious objections, and attempt to solve all the difficulties which may present themselves at the outset, we shall be in danger of failing; we shall be apt to lower the mighty transformation of the heart to our feeble views, dispose of its real force by some plausible evasion, and probably remain strangers to the substance of the blessing.'

In the next paragraph, the Preacher's boldness assuredly borders upon temerity, when he ventures to intimate so fanatical notion, as that natural reason is incompetent to appreciate the subject! 'It is eminently,' he remarks, 'a *thing* of the Spirit of God, which, after all our efforts, will appear as foolishness unto us, unless it be spiritually discerned.' Nay, in a subsequent part of the Discourse, he goes the length of inquiring,

'whether the reasons which cause some at least to differ from this view of the subject, and to contend that regeneration and the new birth are never to be spoken of as distinct from the sacrament of baptism, may not, in a great degree, be resolved into, what I must consider, a most inadequate conception of the nature of the inward renewal of the heart itself? Do they not object to the simple and scriptural application of these words, because they object to the strong language in which the radical recovery of man is delineated, and to the incalculable moment which is ascribed to it? Do they not object to them, in common with many similar, or nearly similar figures, by which this inward life of God in the soul is represented and enforced? Would they not be disposed to wave their objections, if these particular words were employed in a sense agreeable to their own view of a change of heart; and persevere in them, if, abandoning the mere words, the same degree of spiritual and vital religion were enforced under any other? Indeed is it not natural and almost necessary, that, as they take an incomparably lower view of this inward change itself, they should protest against a separation between it and the external rite? And is not this the main reason why such a separation is represented by them as forced and extravagant? I must be allowed, at least, to state my conviction, that the strong and vivid conception of what the commencement of real and universal religion is, forms a most important pre-requisite to the conclusions which I am endeavouring to establish; and that it is not, in the majority of cases, a mere term which is in dispute, but the decision of the nature and importance of that incipient transformation of man, on

which all religion rests, and which has ever been a main topic of controversy between the worldly and spiritual members of the visible church of Christ.' pp. 45—47.

The recent controversy really respects two different, and we presume to assert, unconnected points, the nature of the Christian ordinance of Baptism, and the nature of regeneration and conversion. There can remain no doubt, however, on the mind of an intelligent person, after reading Dr. Mant's two Tracts, and the quantity of trash which has since issued from his party on this topic, that the nature of Christianity itself is the ultimate subject of dispute, and that the real object of the secular party, in magnifying the importance of Baptism, is to get rid of the doctrine of a radical change of heart as universally requisite;—a doctrine which no phraseology can reconcile to the prejudices of unconverted nature.

With regard to Baptism, we have had occasion to express our sentiments at length, and to point out the very obscure notions which have on all sides been maintained, in some cases without suspicion, respecting its true signification and efficacy.

If Mr. Wilson's Sermon is in any respect defective, it is in point of explicitness and clearness, with regard to his views of the rite itself, and of its practical bearings. There appeared to us to be somewhat of a *reserve* in this respect, like that of a person who did not feel himself quite unfettered; it was perhaps a judicious reserve. He nevertheless distinctly affirms, that 'if spirituality is wanting,' outward rites, how great soever their importance as means of assisting the affections, 'are utterly worthless before God.'

The nature and extent of the religious change which is described in the Scripture as a renewal of the whole man, depend upon the previous question—What is the true condition and character of that being who is the subject of this change? We believe it will be found that scarcely a theological error has infested the Christian Church, which may not be traced up to a denial or disbelief of the Scriptural account of the inherent depravity of our nature. We believe that this is in fact, not only the root of irreligion in general, but the true origin of Socinianism, as well as of several other speculative corruptions of Christianity, the connexion of which with this particular doctrine is apparently remote. Persons conversant with the varieties of the symptoms which the moral disease of our nature exhibits, must have remarked that against this particular doctrine, all the pride and malignity of the unregenerate heart has been especially excited; that the individual has been brought with greater facility to acknowledge his actual demerits arising from his own misconduct, than his participation in that universal depravity from which the Gospel proffers

the means, as well as discloses the infinite price, of redemption. They have also found, that this one obstacle removed, all speculative difficulties respecting the Gospel scheme have vanished. 'The real state of our fallen nature,' Mr. Wilson judiciously remarks, '*involves every other topic.*' It is, comparatively speaking, of no use, to proceed to the explanation or defence of other controverted topics, till this point be gained. A Socinian denies the divinity of Christ;—and why? There is no occasion, on his hypothesis, that the Saviour should be more than man; and all the reasoning in the world will never convince him that Jesus Christ "is the true God and eternal life," until he is brought to feel that "the whole world lieth in wickedness," and that *therefore* "the Son of God is come." On the contrary, how orthodox soever the form of a man's belief, he cannot, until he feels himself to be a sinner, cordially appreciate the righteousness of Christ. He may become an apologist, perhaps an angry apologist, for the Deity of the Saviour; but that faith which does not originate in a deep sense of the personal necessity of salvation, as arising from the moral imbecility and essential corruption of our nature, must be pronounced spurious. Mr. Wilson's Discourse is peculiarly valuable, as it fixes the attention on this important practical view of the subject; and on this account especially we earnestly recommend the perusal of it to all our readers. 'The change,' he remarks, which is the commencement of true religion, 'must be no trifling one.'

'It must penetrate and renew every faculty of the soul. Whenever the necessity of it is undervalued, the glory of the Saviour fades from our view. Our religion is in danger of becoming little more than a merely natural religion; and although there may be a formal denial of scarcely any one article of our faith, nay, though there be a readiness speculatively to assert and maintain nearly all of them, yet it is no longer the practical religion of the Bible, actually founded on the sacrifice and animated with the grace of Jesus Christ. Living faith in that Saviour, love to him, and a delight in speaking of his mercy and copying his example, must be the fruit of a new nature. When this begins to take place, all is practicable in religion. Then, and then only, the glowing language of the Apostles relating to Christ, is not interpreted away by a frigid gloss, nor merely admitted with a general acquiescence, but understood and welcomed as the natural and appropriate utterance of enlarged gratitude and love.' pp. 28, 29.

Art. XI. *An Attempt to delineate from Scripture the Beginning, Progress, and End of the Work of Grace in the Soul of Man.* By a Clergyman of the Church of England. 12mo. pp. 117. Price 2s. Bacon and Co. Norwich; Seeley, London.

THE title of this pamphlet sufficiently explains its design. The principles which it unfolds, are in strict accordance

with the Calvinistic interpretation of the Articles of the Church to which the Author belongs. The diction throughout is of the plainest order, occasionally quaint. We cannot therefore commend the pamphlet for excellency of speech; though we must award the Author the tribute of approbation due to the seriousness and Christian zeal which he manifests.

The following short extract from the ninth chapter. 'The Believer's rule of life,' contains a correct statement of a subject which has been frequently misrepresented, and often abused.

'The *whole* Bible is a revelation of Jesus Christ, and nothing else; hence the believer's rule of life is the *whole revealed* will of God; no one part. to the disparagement of, or in a way of pre-eminence over another, but the *whole* together; this is the one perfect transcript of the Divine mind; which the *enlightened* understanding approves, the *renewed* affections love, and the corrected will bows to.' p. 97.

Art. XII. *Extracts of Letters from the Rev. Robert Pinkerton on his late Tour in Russia, Poland, and Germany; to promote the Object of the British and Foreign Bible Society. Together with a Letter from Prince Alexander Galitzin, to the Right Honourable Lord Teignmouth.* 8vo. pp. 68. Price 1s. 1817.

THESE Letters are peculiarly interesting. They form a narrative of a journey of about seven thousand miles, through parts of Europe, the least frequented by English tourists, and for a purpose as novel as the object to which it relates is transcendent in comparison with those that usually occupy the details of the traveller. It is a pleasing relief to turn from the petty cavillings and ignorant prognostications, which have in this country connected themselves with the progress of the Bible Society, to witness the development of its genuine character, its glorious tendency, and its vast efficiency in foreign lands, where it is almost universally hailed as the dispenser of the greatest blessing. — And who are its opponents? May we venture, for the consolation of Bishop Marsh and Mr. *Demonstrator* Norris, to whisper their names. They consist of a *worthy* son of the Emperor Paul, and his Highness the Primate of Poland, and his Holiness the Pope! — A triumvirate that forcibly reminds us of one mentioned in the New Testament, with which, indeed, they may be suspected to have some alliance.

Our readers will not misunderstand our allusion to the first of these illustrious personages. The Emperor Alexander continues to manifest an increasing interest in the cause of the Bible Society, and to take an active part in its promotion, by affording all possible aid in the formation of local institutions. If his conduct originated merely in political motives, it would

evince singularly just views and a sound understanding; but it seems to indicate the operation of higher motives, of purer feelings, than the inducements of secular policy. His example has had almost the force of a law throughout his vast dominions, and in the only instance in which it failed to influence, his personal intervention terminated the embarrassment. It is but an act of decent propriety and gratitude, to do justice to the important nature of the services so promptly rendered to the Society by his Imperial Majesty; but if, putting aside every other consideration, we simply contemplate the signal facilities afforded by this means for carrying into effect the evangelizing of that immense empire, by the diffusion of the sacred Scriptures in all the barbarous dialects of the wild nations and tribes which it includes, we must view the interposition of Divine Providence in raising up so efficient an instrument for this purpose, as an indication that we are on the eve of witnessing the unfolding of vast designs, of events and changes having the most favourable aspect on the social happiness of mankind.

There is a very interesting account of Mr. Pinkerton's mission to the districts inhabited by the Tartars, to the ancient Tartar capital, where the palace of the descendants of Djingé Khan still presents the decaying remains of Asiatic luxury, and departed royalty, and to the synagogue of the Caraité Rabbies, where he obtained a sight of a beautiful copy of the five books of Moses in pure Tartar. On visiting the capital of Gallicia, he learned that out of a population estimated at three millions, 20,000 are Protestants, the rest being Catholics and Jews. The Protestants are divided into twenty-four congregations, of which three are Calvinistic; but all three are at this time without a pastor, and one half at least of all the Protestant families are without Bibles. The formation of the White Russian Bible Society, at Moghiley, on the Dnieper, the head-quarters of the Russian army, was attended with circumstances of a rather novel nature.

‘Yesterday, about noon, the Field Marshal, Prince Barclay de Tolly, accompanied by a numerous suite of brave Generals and Officers, together with the most distinguished men in the city, both ecclesiastical and civil, of all confessions, upwards of 200 in number, assembled in a large hall of the Archbishop's Palace, in order to lay the foundation of the White Russian Auxiliary Bible Society. The sight of these heroes, the deliverers of Russia, and of Europe, assembled to give glory to the God of battles, by promoting the dissemination of his word among their numerous companions in arms, (a host of upwards of 400,000 men,) produced, in all present, a new and most pleasant train of thoughts and combination of feelings. After a concert of vocal sacred music, the venerable Archbishop rose, and pronounced an eloquent speech, in which he fully explained the

utility and object of the proposed Institution. The Catholic Canonist, Maievsky, next delivered an excellent address, in the Polish language, in which he powerfully inculcated the reading of the Holy Scriptures upon his Catholic brethren, and produced the most undoubted testimony from the ancient fathers, that it was the duty and high privilege of every Christian daily to peruse the sacred oracles. To these most appropriate quotations he added the memorable letter of Pius VI., and encouraged his Catholic brethren to come forward in support of the pious and beneficent labours of Bible Societies.' p. 57.

We confess that there is something in this description of warriors assembling to give glory to the Divine Being as 'the God of Battles,' which strikes us as offensive to correct religious taste; the representation partakes rather too much of the incongruous character of the Greek Church: but assuredly, it must have been a most animating and impressive spectacle; and making allowances for national habits and prejudices, one which amply justified Mr. Pinkerton's most sanguine auguries of the result.

Art. XIII. *Remains of William Reed, late of Thornbury*; including Rambles in Ireland, with other Compositions in Prose, his Correspondence, and Poetical Productions. To which is prefixed, a Memoir of his Life; by the Rev. John Evans, Author of the *Ponderer*. 8vo. pp. 250. Price 10s. 6d. Ogles, Duncan, and Cochran. 1815.

THIS small volume is intended as a monument to a man whom it proves to have been distinguished by qualities not easily to be forgotten by his friends, even though there were no such monument. It records the evidences of a deep sensibility, of a benevolent disposition, of a mind necessitated and habituated to reflection, and possessed of a refinement of perception which wanted only a little more discipline to have been literary taste. His situation in early life was unfavourable for the unfolding of his faculties, which, though not of the vulgar consistence, were not of an intrinsic vigour to force their rapid expansion in defiance of all surrounding obstructions. His worthy and unambitious parents, however indulgent in disposition, could not afford the means of an education beyond the humble rudiments of knowledge; after the attainment of which, it became necessary for him to apply himself to his father's occupation, of a shoe-maker. In this he continued to be employed a number of years; not, however, as it seems, without great habitual dissatisfaction, partly arising, perhaps, from the indistinct promptings of a natural capacity for pursuits of a different kind, and perhaps still more from a certain morbid restlessness of nature. To this latter it is fair to ascribe a con-

siderable portion of the effect, since the biographer acknowledges that young Reed did not, amidst his dislike of his employment, manifest any strong disposition, in his hours of leisure, to intellectual pursuits, but rather exercised himself to excel in the ordinary games of the youths in his neighbourhood. It is probable he was unfortunate enough to be in almost total want of the books which might have inspired and gratified a passion for knowledge, and filled, and animated, and expanded his imagination; and that he was a stranger to cultivated co-evals, who might have drawn him into the gratifications of literature. Early in life, however, he was strongly interested by the beautiful and wild scenes of Nature.

About the age of twenty, he was suddenly and powerfully impressed with the importance of religion.

'From this period,' says his biographer, 'he became peculiarly serious and devout, relinquished every amusement, and carried his religious scruples so far as to refuse to play any but sacred music upon his flute. So true is it that men of genius are generally enthusiasts.'—'This abstraction of mind, however, was highly favourable to the strengthening as well as the expansion of his intellectual powers. From this time he applied himself to reading with an avidity which seemed to be insatiable. Theology doubtless engaged a portion of his attention; but his religion then seemed rather to have been the dictate of feeling than the result of investigation. Judging from an expression which he used to his brother, "It is a hard thing to be a Christian," it would appear that his religious sentiments had not increased his happiness. They did however confer upon him a seriousness of mind and a correctness of conduct which, under every change of opinion, he ever afterwards invariably preserved.'

We presume no reader can fail to marvel at the facility, as displayed in the latter part of this passage, of making a large inference from very small premises. That it is, in a very serious sense, 'hard to be a Christian,' has been the experience and the testimony of many men to whom, nevertheless, Christianity has been the supreme source of joy and hope, and who would without hesitation have surrendered life for its sake. And if Reed's religious principles really had at this time the effect here attributed, of rendering him 'peculiarly serious and devout,' we can make no question that this was the happiest period of his life. It is, at least, very evident from the papers here printed, that the looser form of religious faith into which in his later years, he is presumed to have advanced—or declined, did not, by any means tend to confer the benefit of a more cordial devotion, or therefore an augmentation of felicity. The Writer of the memoir is not enabled to state what was ultimately Reed's religious faith; that at this earlier pe-

riod it was much of the character usually called moderately Calvinistic, may be concluded from his becoming a member of a religious society of that description.

A weakness of sight compelled him, when about twenty-one, to desist from his employment, just after he had been exerting a laudable industry to perfect himself in it; and he never resumed it as a regular occupation. From this time to the end of his days, that is, the full half of his life, his occupations were casual and desultory; in a considerable degree literary, but without guide, co-operation, or adequate stimulus; without a main purpose, or an immediate practical effect; without any hard discipline of protracted study, and indeed without such a state of health as could have sustained this discipline, if he had otherwise possessed resolution enough for it. The pensive, reflective, and observant cast of his mind, however, rendered him by necessity at all times a thinking being, though that thinking might often be too much of the nature of a gloomy, fantastic and unprofitable musing.

A few years after relinquishing his manual employment, he spent a year in Scotland, in the humble capacity of servant to a young gentleman of his neighbourhood, prosecuting his medical studies at Edinburgh. Reed was indulged, however, in delightful rambles through the country, even as far as the Highlands; and he had recommendations and occasional access to society above his rank, in virtue of possessing a mind which contracted no vulgarity from situation. He made memorandums of his observations and excursions; and always recollected the adventure with pleasure.

Some time after this period, his acknowledged intelligence and worth, introduced him to the friendship of a neighbouring gentleman and his daughter; a circumstance destined eventually to add a dark shade to the already too pensive state of his mind. The friendly regard between him and this lady grew on both sides to a deeper sentiment. But the old gentleman disapproved, for assigned reasons which we nearly agree with Mr. Evans were of little pertinence; but the daughter, though fully of Reed's own age, and in possession of a fortune independent of her father, regarded it as a filial obligation to make a sacrifice which was but completed by her death, an event which took place soon afterward, and was attributed in a great degree to the grief which attended and followed the surrender. After such a statement, it will be matter of no small surprise to every reader that, in the disposal of her fortune, she should have deemed it wrong to do any thing subsidiary to the very scanty means of the survivor she valued so much. This however was also regarded as a part of the filial duty, as we may infer from the circumstance that it was under-

stood she entreated her father to make dispositions that at his death, some such benefit might accrue to the friend whom she had renounced to please him. When that benefit did actually accrue, though it was in a parsimonious proportion to the wealth of the bequeather, it did augment the small property which had devolved to Mr. Reed at his father's decease, to a moderate competence for a man of his very temperate economical habits,—habits which secured to him through life that inestimable advantage of independence which so many men of genius, especially of the poetical tribe, have wanted the prudence to preserve, and in foregoing which many of them have doomed themselves to a course of expedients, servilities, and basenesses, in which all the worth of their talents has been worse than lost. So perfect a contrast to such pernicious folly was the conduct of Reed, that his narrow means were made to extend to services of benevolence, enabling him to give, however small the amount, practical proofs of his compassion for distress. In many other ways he shewed and exercised his disposition to do good. One of them was an extensive practice of vaccination, of which he was a zealous and indefatigable advocate and promoter, and the principles and rules of which he studied under the personal instruction of Dr. Jenner himself; by whom he was much esteemed. It was pleasing to him to render assistance in any way within his limited power, nor was it usual nor easy to be for any considerable time acquainted with him without having something to remember with gratitude.

A friend and neighbour had removed with his family to Canada; and Reed, within a few years of his death, had formed and decidedly matured a project for following them thither, intending, if the climate should not prove unfavourable to his health, to spend there the remainder of his life. The promotion of vaccination among the inhabitants was one of his objects; but the Biographer, who often heard him talk on the subject is persuaded, that a very principal attraction across the Atlantic was the cataract of Niagara. He had a passionate fondness for the beautiful and sublime of Nature, and could never talk of this one transcendent spectacle without a degree of enthusiasm. The favourite project, however, was finally set aside by the state of his health, which having been, together with the tone of his spirits, irreparably injured by the infelicitous circumstance mentioned above, was at length failing in a serious and ominous degree. The last two or three years of his life, though diversified and relieved by various excursions, and diligently occupied at intervals in literary pursuits, were a period of much physical suffering, combined with an aggravated pressure of that melancholy of which he had so long been the victim.

'The writer of this memoir,' says Mr. E. 'has frequently found him in a darkened apartment, secluding himself from the 'warm precincts of the cheerful day,' and a victim to the most gloomy anticipations. More frequently, however, he would sally forth alone into the fields, to inhale the freshness of the breeze, and to wander among what he emphatically called 'his native hills.' Extreme variety of feeling attended him through life, nor left him till he had laid down his head 'where the weary are at rest.'

One of his latest projects was to avoid the English winter of 1812 by a voyage to Madeira, or some other spot in a warmer climate, which was recommended by his medical friends; but the last project he was permitted to execute was a voyage to Jersey and Guernsey. His wanderings reached their conclusion in the house of a stranger, in this latter island.

'He appears to have been fully sensible of the approach of death, and retaining the entire possession of his faculties to the last, expired on the 30th of September, 1813, in the animating hope that hereafter 'this mortal shall put on immortality.' His remains were interred in the Friends' burying ground in Guernsey, and consequently 'without a stone to mark the spot.' His memory, however, will always be affectionately cherished by those whom once he loved, and who estimate the recollection of the pleasures derived from his friendship among the most valued of their possessions.'

He had just completed his forty-third year. The Biographer has the decided testimony of all that most intimately knew him, that 'his moral conduct was irreproachable, and his disposition eminently benevolent.' It is added,

'He was, in the genuine sense of the term, a philanthropist, and therefore detested war, though he lived in an age that not only seemed insensible to its calamities, but to consider it the only path to an honourable distinction!'

In following to its close the course of this genuine and amiable Man of Feeling, it would have been gratifying and consolatory to see more of the religious spirit manifested amidst his pensive emotions and reflections; and especially with reference to circumstances and feelings which brought strongly in his view the image of death. There is in this respect a deficiency which gives additional gloom to whatever is gloomy. In the last but one of the collection of Letters, (the letter is, however, without a date) there is an account of his having been, in his own apprehension, brought very close on the border of the invisible world, during a recent illness, from which he was but very imperfectly recovered. The expressions seem to convey a melancholy implication that something more than solemnity had darkened the crisis. From such a review, instead of grateful acknowledgements to the Divine mercy, and a most earnest aspiration to the full possession of that blessed

faith which could illuminate the valley of the shadow of death, at his next approach, and his actual entrance there, how much will the serious reader regret to see him capable of passing immediately into a rueful sort of affectation of levity on the subject of his still half-dead condition and appearance! We think the Editor's discretion would have been well exercised in the suppression of a letter like this,—unless, as a religious teacher, he had intended to avail himself of it to conjure the reader not to be content with a measure or a kind of piety that would surrender a man to such feelings as it expresses, in the apprehended approach to death, or the languid and precarious recovery.

Mr. Evans avoids committing himself in criticisms or estimates of the "*Remains.*" The Letters, (with the exception of those which are inserted in the Memoir,) had better, we think, have been omitted, being chiefly on very trivial subjects and occasions. They are not, however, numerous.—Reed was very observant of the manners and character of the persons he any where fell among; but we wish some better specimen of his talent for delineating them could have been found, than the paper called the *Lodging House*.—The Poems would not be ranked, by a cold criticism, above mediocrity in point of execution; they breathe, however, a kind and pensive spirit, sometimes indeed inspirited into a gay one; and they display that susceptibility to the charms of Nature, the display of which is matter of fashion in many others, but was no affectation in him: at the same time the language has too many of the common-place epithets. One of the copies of verses has been pointed out as a very slight modification of a poetical effort of another hand. Nearly half the volume consists of the journals of two of his rambles, one in South Wales, the other in Ireland; and these appear to us to shew the writer to greater advantage. They are in a lively and pleasing style of description and anecdote. The latter of them especially contains a good deal that is curious; and there is an interesting account of the unsolicited and extraordinary kindness of a soldier, who, though an entire stranger to the pensive Rambler, attended him during a severe illness of several weeks, with an indefatigable and resolutely gratuitous assiduity. It is a most uncommon exhibition of genuine benevolence. Very properly the name is given; it was *Couch*. Reed spent a considerable time at Killarney, and has given an ample and very pleasing description of that enchanting scenery, which he explored and surveyed with an animated perseverance.

There is betrayed, in many of the pieces, too great a fondness for the toys of mythology,—such as the 'genius' of this, and the other; and now and then there is a strong tincture of

Ossian. In religious allusions there is sometimes a phraseology too much like that of heathen poetry.

Many passages deserve, if we had room, to be transcribed ; but we shall select only just one ; it is a part of a letter written about a year before his decease, a letter as to some parts of which there would not be much excess in the biographer's expressions,—‘as tender, and affecting as any that ever made its appeal to the soul of sensibility.’

‘Ever since my father and mother’s death, I have had no settled habitation ; and though I have been driven into the wilderness in search of some little domestic sanctuary, not a single cabin has opened its doors to offer me an abiding-place ; and the present moment wears an aspect equally as unpromising as any that has gone before. In consequence of the extreme derangement of my health, I am not able, like other men, to stem the tide of so much ill fortune, and place myself beyond the reach of its overwhelming influence. It is a great happiness to me, however, that those dear friends whom I have just mentioned, and whose loss I shall ever deplore, have been saved from the pain of witnessing what I have suffered. In some of my solitary wanderings, when my imagination, with all the enthusiasm of the liveliest sensibility, has brooded over their memory, I have seemed to hear their voice in the passing breeze, and to see their apparition flit across my path, casting on me, as they hastily vanished from my sight, a glance of the tenderest sympathy ; and then, with a bosom bleeding with a thousand painful recollections, I have wished to follow them into eternity. They have passed the dreary tract on which I am now so much bewildered, and though the grave has closed over them, and totally effected their annihilation in this world, I do hope to meet them in some more halcyon region ; and were it not for this hope, this golden light of Heaven, that sometimes breaks on the darkness of my mind, I should soon be a maniac, and raving among the melancholy spectres in Bedlam.’

ART. XIV. SELECT LITERARY INFORMATION.

* * *Gentlemen and Publishers who have works in the press, will oblige the Conductors of the ECLECTIC REVIEW, by sending Information (post paid) of the subject, extent, and probable price of such works; which they may depend upon being communicated to the Public, if consistent with its Plan.*

The Rev. W. Hales, D.D. Rector of Killesandra, has issued Proposals for publishing by subscription, in two vols. 8vo. Trinitarianism the Doctrine of the Gospel, and Sabellian Unitarianism shewn to be "The God-Denying Apostacy." (ΤΗ ΑΠΝΗΣΙΘΕΟΥ ΑΠΟΣΤΑΣΙΑΣ.—*Caius.*)

The Rev. T. Cloutt has issued Proposals for printing by subscription, the Sermons and Treatises of the Rev. R. Baxter, in Five handsome Volumes, octavo. Price 10s. 6d. each volume, to Non-Subscribers 12s. Royal Paper 15s. It is computed that the five volumes, each volume containing from 500 to 550 pages, will comprise the following pieces, which it is the intention of the Editor to publish. Most of them are exceedingly scarce, and not to be obtained but in the four folio volumes of his Practical Works, which sell from ten to twelve guineas a copy. One or two of the Sermons have not hitherto been reprinted in any form.—"True Christianity, two Assize Sermons; one of Christ's Dominion, and the other of his Sovereignty over all men, as Redeemer—On making light of Christ—Treatises of Conversion—Treatise of Death—Of Judgment—Treatise of Self-denial—Of Repentance—Of right Rejoicing—Treatise of the Life of Faith, a sermon preached before the King, &c.—The vain Religion of the formal Hypocrite, and the Mischief of an unbridled Tongue in several Sermons, preached in Westminster Abbey.—The Fool's Prosperity—The last Work of a Believer.—The Mischiefs of Self-ignorance, and the Benefits of Self-acquaintance, delivered in several sermons at St. Dunstan's—Now or never, on Eccles. ix. 10.—Of the Knowledge of God, on John xvii. 3.—Of the Believer's Walking with God, on Gen. v. 24.—Of conversing with God in solitude, on John xvi. 32.—Directions for weak Christians to grow up to a confirmed state of grace: with the Characters of a sound and weak Christian, and a Hypocrite—Christ, the universal Head

of the Church—An Appeal to the Light—Funeral Sermons for Henry Ashburn, Esq. and Mr. Corbet—The Cure of Melancholy—How to do good to many, or the public good the Christian's life—Farewell Sermon intended for Kidderminster—Dying Thoughts—Unum necessarium, or Christ's Judgment of Mary's choice—and of Redemption of Time."

Arthur Young, Esq. Editor of *Baxteriana*, has in the press, *Oweniana*, a selection from the works of Dr. Owen.

In the press, Letters on some of the Events of the Revolutionary War.

Speedily will be published, *Lalla Rookh*, an oriental romance: by Thomas Moore, Esq. At the same time will be published, Illustrations to the poem, from Paintings by R. Westall, R.A. which will be delivered in the order they are subscribed for.

David Ricardo has in the press, a treatise on the Principles of Political Economy and Taxation.

In the press, *Journal of the late Captain Tuckey, on a Voyage of Discovery in the Interior of Africa, to explore the Source of the Zaire, or Congo; with a survey of that river beyond the cataracts. In 4to. uniformly with Park's and Adams's Travels. Published by Authority.*

Also, an Authentic Narrative of the loss of the American Brig *Commerce*, wrecked on the western coast of Africa, in the month of August, 1815; with an account of the sufferings and captivity of her surviving officers and crew, on the Great African Desert. By James Riley, late Master and Supercargo. To which is added, some particulars of the cities of Tombuctoo and Wassanah, the latter situate on the banks of the Niger, fifty days journey to the south-east of the former. By an Arab Traveller, who had visited both of these cities, and gave the details of his adventures and observations to the Author, in the presence of William Willshire, Esq. by whose generosity the Author was relieved from sla-

very. Printed in 4to. uniformly with Park, Adams, and Tuckey's Travels.

In the press, *Algebra of the Hindus*, with Arithmetic and Mensuration. Translated from the Sanscrit. By H. T. Colebrooke, Esq. 4to.

The Fourth and concluding volume of Captain Burney's *History of Voyages and Discoveries in the South Seas*, with a copious Index, will be speedily published. 4to.

A second edition of *Amusements in Retirement*, will appear in a few days.

Mr. Brewin, of Leicester, has completed a translation of the *Life of Haydn*, to which notes have been added by Mr. W. Gardiner, and the work is now in the press.

The Rev. James Kirton's *Secret and True History of the Church of Scotland*, from the Restoration to the year 1678, is printing under the superintendence of Mr. C. K. Sharpe, with notes and a memoir of the author, in a quarto volume, illustrated by engravings.

Mr. James Thomson has in the press, in an octavo volume, *De Courci*, a Tale, in two cantos, with other poems; including commemorative addresses written for several public institutions.

Pompeiana, or *Observations on the Topography, Edifices, and Ornaments of Pompeia*, by Sir W. Gell and J. P. Gandy, Esq. with numerous engravings, are in the press.

Mr. James Sowerby is printing, in two vols. a *Midland Flora*; comprising the indigenous plants of the more central counties.

The *Greek Grammar of Augustus Matthiæ*, translated from the German into English by the late Rev. E. V. Blomfield, is nearly ready for publication.

Mr. Carey, of the Commercial College, Woodford, will soon publish a more complete *System of Theoretical and Practical Arithmetic* than has ever yet appeared.

Mr. F. Baily will soon publish a new edition of his *Chart of History*, including the changes of Territory occasioned by the late treaties.

The *Club*, in a dialogue between a father and son, by James Puckle, is printing from the edition of 1711, with numerous engravings on wood, in royal octavo.

The Fifth part of Sir William Dugdale's *History of St. Paul's Cathedral*, with considerable additions by Henry Ellis, Esq. will be published in a few

days; and the Sixth Part, which will complete the work, and contain engravings of all the monuments, is expected to be ready in June.

The Rev. George Mathew is printing, in two octavo volumes, *Sermons on various subjects*, doctrinal and practical.

The Rev. Hugh Pearson's *Memoirs of the Life and Writings of the Rev. Dr. Claudius Buchanan* will soon appear.

Mr. Farey will soon publish the third and concluding volume of his *Report to the Board of Agriculture, on Derbyshire*.

Mr. Alex. Bower has in the press, a *History of the University of Edinburgh*, with biographical notices of many eminent persons, in two octavo volumes.

Dr. Carey is about to publish an Appendix to his "*Latin Prosody*," viz. "*Latin Versification made easy*;" or, a copious Selection of Verses from the ancient Poets, altered and prepared, as progressive exercises for the juvenile versifier, according to the improved continental system adopted in his "*English Prosody and Versification*," and in his private practice as a teacher.

A work of very general utility will be published in the course of the present month entitled *The Bible Class Book*, or *Scripture Readings for every day in the Year*, being three hundred and sixty-five lessons selected from the most interesting and instructive parts of the sacred Scriptures. This selection is made upon the plan recommended by Dr. Watts, and though its chief aim is that of becoming a school Class Book for Youth in all stations of life, and every religious denomination, (for doctrinal and controversial points have been studiously omitted,) yet will it be found equally beneficial in all families, to persons of mature age as well as to youth, to the heads of establishments as well as to servants, and to the manufacturing classes of the community.

The Rev. Mr. Broome has enlarged his *Selections from the works of those eminent divines Fuller and South*, and they will be published in the course of the present month as a second edition.

A small volume upon the *Art of making, managing, flavouring, colouring, preserving, and recovering all kinds of Wines, Spirits, and Compounds*, with *Directions for Brewing, &c.*, by Mr. R. Westney, will be published in a few days.

In the press, the *Advantages of Solitude*, a Sermon preached at *Salter's Hall*

Meeting by the late Rev. Hugh Worthington, from Mathew xiv. 23.

Early next month will be published, Narrative of a Voyage to Hudson's Bay, in his Majesty's Ship Rosamond, containing some account of the North Eastern Coast of America, and of the Tribes inhabiting that remote region.

Illustrated with Plates. By Lieut. Edward Chappell, R. N.

The Rev. Sir Adam Gordon has in the press, Fifty-two Lectures on the Catechism of the Church of England: it will form 3 vols. 8vo. and appear about the middle of April.

Art. XV. LIST OF WORKS RECENTLY PUBLISHED.

ANTIQUITIES.

The unedited Antiquities of Attica, comprising the Architectural Remains of Eleusis, Rhamnus, Sunium, and Thoricus. By the Dilettanti Society. Handsomely printed in imperial folio, with eighty-four engravings. Price 10l. 10s.

BIOGRAPHY.

Memoirs of the Life and Doctrines of the late John Hunter, Esq. By Joseph Adams, M. D. 8vo. 12s.

CONCHOLOGY.

A Descriptive Catalogue of Recent Shells; arranged according to the Linnean Method, with particular attention to the Synonymy. By Lewis Weston Dillwyn, F. R. S. F. L. S. &c. 2 vols. 8vo. 1l. 18s. boards.

FINE ARTS.

The Costume of the Netherlands, Part I, containing ten coloured engravings, with letter-press descriptions in English and French. Imp. 4to. on vellum paper, price 15s.—This Work will be completed in three Parts, which will succeed monthly.

Compositions in Outline from Hesiod's Theogony, Works and Days, and the Days. Engraved by J. Blake, from designs by John Flaxman, R. A. Printed to correspond with the Outlines from Homer, &c. folio, 2l. 12s. 6d. bds.

HISTORY.

The History of Brazil, Volume the Second. By Robert Southey, Esq. Poet Laureate, Member of the Royal Spanish Academy. 2l. 10s.—The First Volume of the above Work may be had, Price 2l. 2s.

A History of Muhammedanism: comprising the Life and Character of the Arabian Prophet, and succinct Accounts of the Empires founded by the Muhammedan Arms; an Inquiry into the Theological, Moral, and Juridical Codes of

the Musselmans, and the Literature, and Sciences of the Saracens and Turks; with a View of the present Extent and Influence of the Muhammedan Religion. By Charles Mills, Esq. 8vo. 12s.

Illustrations of Literary History; consisting of authentic Memoirs and Original Letters of Eminent Persons; and intended as a Sequel to the Literary Anecdotes of the Eighteenth Century. By John Nichols, F. S. A. 2 vols. 8vo. 2l. 14s. boards. With fourteen Portraits.

Illustrations (chiefly Geographical) of the History of the Expedition of the Younger Cyrus, and the Retreat of the Ten Thousand Greeks. By Major Rennell. In one volume, 4to. with explanatory maps in folio, 1l. 16s. boards.

Private Memoirs, which, with the work of M. Hue, and the Journal of Clerj, complete the History of the Captivity of the Royal Family of France in the Temple. Written originally with a pencil, and preserved by stealth, by Madame Royale, now Duchess of Angoulême. Translated from the French, with Notes by the Translator. Neatly printed in a small volume, 5s. 6d.

The History of the Wars, from the French Revolution, to the ever memorable Battle of Waterloo, in 1815; to which will be added, the particulars of the successful attack upon Algiers. Compiled from official Documents and other authentic sources of information with strict impartiality, and illustrated with elegant Portraits of the most distinguished Public Characters. Part I. 2s. to be completed in nine monthly Parts.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Round Table, a Collection of Essays on Literature, Men, and Manners. By William Hazlitt, 2 vols. 12mo. 14s.

Number II, to be continued every two months, of The Correspondent; consisting of Letters, Moral, Political and Literary, between eminent writers in

France and England. The English articles collected and arranged by Dr. Stodart. 5s.

Tables of Exchange, Universal Interest, &c. showing the value of Foreign Monies converted into Sterling, and the contrary, at the established pars, or army rates, applying to Ireland, the West Indies, Canada, Gibraltar, Malta, Ceylon, and other Stations: Tables of Exchange between this country and Ireland, France, Spain, Holland, and Hamburgh, at various Rates: Universal Interest, Simple and Compound. By J. G. Pohlman, of the Audit Office. Imp. 8vo. 11. 1s. boards.

Apicius Redivivus; or, the Cook's Oracle: being the result of actual experiments in the kitchen of a Physician, for the purpose of composing a culinary code for the rational epicure, and augmenting the enjoyments of private families. 12mo. 8s. boards.

A Reply to a Letter from a Rector to his Curate, on the Subject of the Bible Society. By a Deacon of the Church of England. 8vo. 2s. 6d.

A Dissertation on Weights and Measures, and the best means of Revising them: published originally in the British Review, No. XVII. 8vo. 2s.

A Second Letter on the Game Laws. By a Country Gentleman, a Proprietor of Game. 8vo. 2s.

Placide, a Spanish Tale, translated from Les Buttucas of Madame Genlis. By A. Jamieson. 2 vols. 12mo.

Melinecourt. By the Author of Headlong Hall. 3 vols. 12mo. 18s.

The Absent Man, a Narrative. Edited by Sir Peter Plastic, Knight, of the Order of the Tower and Sword. 12mo. 4s.

Ogles Duncan and Cochran's Catalogue of Oriental and Jewish Literature for 1817, containing an extensive collection of Books in Hebrew, Chaldee, Syriac, Samaritan, Arabic, Ethiopic, Persian, Chinese, Turkish, and other Languages. 1s.

POETRY.

Laou-seng-urh; or, an Heir in his Old Age; a Chinese Comedy: being the Second Drama ever translated from the original Chinese into any Language. By J. P. Davis, Esq. of Canton: with an introductory Essay on the Chinese Drama, small 8vo. 7s.

Select Pieces of Early Popular Poetry; republished principally from early printed Copies in the Black Letter. Edited

by E. V. Utterson, Esq. 2 vols. post 8vo. 11. 15s. Ornamented with Wood-cuts.

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POLITICAL.

A Defence of the Constitution of Great Britain and Ireland, as by Law established, against the Innovating and Levelling Attempts of the Friends to Annual Parliaments and Universal Suffrage. By the Right Hon. John Somers, Lord Somers. 8vo. 2s. 6d.

Observations for the Use of Landed Gentlemen, on the present State, and future Prospects, of the British Farmer. By Rusticus. 8vo. 3s.

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Manuscrit venu de St. Helène dans une manière inconnue, 8vo. 7s. 6d.

THEOLOGY.

A Synopsis of Signs of the Times Past, Present, and Future; humbly attempted to be traced from the Chronological Prophecies in the original Scriptures. By the Rev. William Hales, D.D. Rector of Killesandra, Ireland. 3s. 6d.

Sermons by the Rev. John Martin, more than 40 years Pastor of the Baptist Church, formerly meeting in Grafton-street, Soho, and now in Keppel-street. Taken in Shorthand, by Thomas Palmer. With a Portrait. 2 vols. 11. 1s.

Scripture Genealogy from Adam to Christ, exhibiting, in a series of thirty-six engraved Tables, a distinct View of the Nation, Tribe, Family, Lineal Descent, and Posterity of every Person mentioned in the Bible, so far as they can be traced from Sacred and Profane History; to which are annexed Chronological Dates, on the Authority of Usher and Blair; together with a copious Introduction, an Historical Description of each plate, and a complete Index. royal 4to. 21. 12s. 6d. half-bound.

Notes appended to Dr. Watts's Songs, a new edition, enlarged. By the Rev. J. Churchill. 2s.

A new Edition of Pyle's Paraphrase on the Acts, the Epistles, and the Revelation. For the Use of Families. 3 vols. 8vo. 11. 7s.

Hymns, adapted to the Circumstances of Public Worship, and Private Devotion. By John Fawcett, D.D. Editor of the Devotional Family Bible.

The Doctrine of Regeneration, as identified with Baptism and distinct from Renovation, Investigated; in an Essay, to which was adjudged a Premium of Fifty Pounds, by the Church Union Society in the Diocese of St. David. By Hector Davies Morgan, M.A. of Trin. Col. Oxford; Minister of Castle Hedingham, Essex; and Chaplain to the Right Hon. Lord Kenyon. 8vo. 3s.

Also by the same Author,

A Survey of the Platform of the Christian Church, exhibited in the Scriptures, applied to its actual circumstances and condition, with Suggestions for its Consolidation and Enlargement; comprising the Substance of an Essay, to which was adjudged a Premium of Fifty Pounds, by the Society for promoting Christian Knowledge and Church Union in the Diocese of St. David. 5s.

Vol. I. of a Fourth Edition of Beddome's Short Discourses. 12mo. 2s.

TRAVELS, TOPOGRAPHY, &c.

A Description of the People of India; with particular reference to their separation into casts; the influence of their civil policy and domestic superintendence; their idolatry and religious ceremonies; and the various singularities of customs, habits, and observances, which distinguish them from all other nations: taken from a diligent observation and study of the people, during a residence of many years among their various tribes in unrestrained intercourse, and conformity with their habits and manner of life. By the Abbe J. Dubois, Missionary in the Mysore. 4to. 2l. 2s. boards.

Two Sketches of France, Belgium, and Spa, in Tours during the summer of 1771, and 1816: with a portrait of Napoleon's Guide at Waterloo. By the Author of Letters from Paris in 1802-3. 8vo. 7s.